

STANDS ALONE

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 107. [PUBLISHED
EVERY MONDAY.]

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 19TH, 1910.

ONE PENNY.

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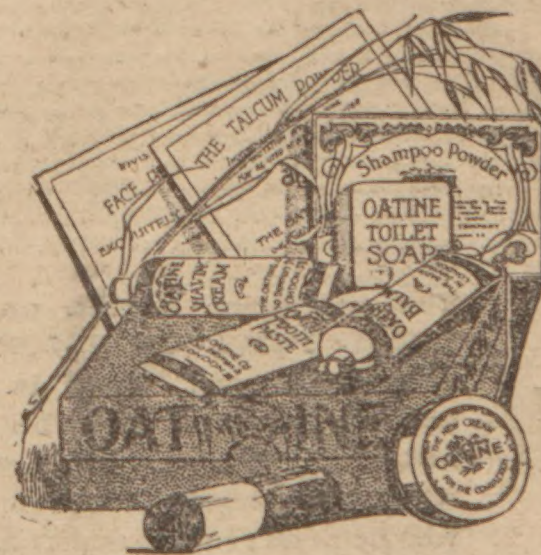
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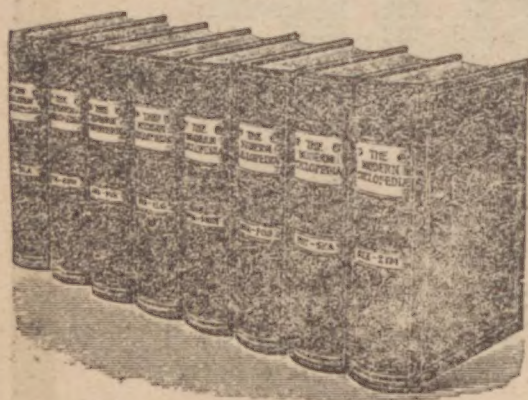
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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.



No. 107.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 19TH, 1910.

ONE PENNY.

BITES.

The bite that most men incur most frequently is the dog bite; and if the animal is healthy, there is no great danger. All that should be done is to keep the wound well dressed. It should not be cauterised, for if it is done, it will take a long time to heal and leave an unsightly scar. Of course, if the dog be mad, or in a bad state of health, the only thing to do is to go to the doctor. The same advice applies to snake bites, the doctor is the only person who can help you. A stiff dose of neat brandy, however, should be taken immediately.

OBSCURER DIPLOMATISTS.

The man who receives the angry dun and answers him with the soft word that turneth wrath.
The man who invades the sanctum of His Majesty Highness and issues therefrom with permission to write one or more articles.
The man who knocks on your door when you are hungry and in a bad temper, and persuades you to insure your life.
The man who persuades you to escort his wife on a shopping expedition when you are arranged to go fishing.
The man who induces you to exchange clothes with him.
The man who "touches" you for half-a-crown, despite the fact that he already owes five bob.
The man who makes peace between a man and his wife.

SEA BATHING AND GAMES.

Why is it that sea-bathing has such a bad reputation on one's play at games? A dip in the sea knocks from thirty to fifty per cent. off one's play at any game which calls for perfect coordination of hand and eye and a delicate touch, makes good shooting an impossibility. It is hard to find a satisfactory explanation of why such a fine tonic as a sea-bath temporarily put one's athletic mechanism hopelessly out of gear. Naturally, one feels agreeably slack after a dip in the sea, but why an early morning dip should affect one's billiards for the rest of the day is a puzzling question. Golfers will tell you that it is absolutely impossible to bathe even a considerable time before

CHEEK.

The Water Board is irate because certain City men have private wells in their backyards. Mr. 'Gene Corri playfully remarked recently that this is preferable to having Bombardier Wells in one's ribs.

It was discovered recently that a man was making £8 a week by raking garbage. Could it have been one of Lord Northcliffe's young men?

The great popularity of Mr. W. J. Locke suggests that he has found the key to success.

Don't always blame the girl who takes rings from unknown men. She may be employed in a telephone exchange.

Mr. Stone has written a book called "The Noise of Life." Was the Noise made by throwing stones at glass houses?

A new book is called "Brass." We suppose the author hopes there will be some tin in it.

A Munich shopkeeper recently dropped a twenty-quart cask of benzine. The man who remarked that he had not benzine since deserves—well, we can't think of a punishment bad enough.

"M.A.P." tells us about Whist Drive Swindlers. We suppose that whist drives the poor fellows to it.

Said the Lord Chief Justice recently: "If I had not maintained outdoor physical exercises up to within the last year or two, I should not have been able to do my work as I have been able to do it." Chorus from Portland, Pentonville, and elsewhere: "Wish he'd broken his leg when he was a boy!"

"If you make up your mind to work," says Judge Emden, "you will be able to do a great deal more." "More?" echoed Bertie Bonnyboy. "Thank goodness I've got no mind to make up!"

"Extreme pain," observes a weekly paper, "banishes the consciousness of sex." "Yes, indeed!" murmured dear old Mrs. Footler, "I could never enjoy the kisses of poor Footler when I had a stomach ache!"

A contemporary prints an article on "Why the Harlequins Win." We knew why before. It is because Stoop is never caught bending.

Sir Oliver Lodge says that marriage is an adventure. Many men call it a Miss-adventure.

SHY MEN.

In most cases, shy men are those who have spent the early years of their manhood in deep study. They were what are called "swotters," and later on when they could afford to relax their labours in a measure and go among their fellows, they found themselves—or fancied so at any rate—"out of it," unversed, more or less, in the mode of conversation which most men adopt in their lighter moments.

Perhaps they are not so much shy as nervous. They are men who require to be "drawn out," when they make the most cheerful of companions.

THINGS THAT MAKE US TIRED.

Jones telling us that story about his baby that he has told us twenty times before.

The alarm-clock telling us it is time to get up and go to business.

Listening to two "cross-talk comedians" firing off stale "gags" at one another.

Reading a really palpitating story and finding out, at the end, that it is only an advertisement for somebody's pills.

Putting our last half-crown on a horse that passes the post first and is then disqualified.

Going to a play with a friend who has seen it before and insists on telling us what is going to happen.

Putting the black down at snooker-pool—and then going in after it.

Church bells on Sunday when we have a bilious attack.

SPORTING SLACKERS.

Last summer an interesting innovation was introduced into the gentle pastime of angling for trout.

Whereas formerly an angler used to be content to wait patiently on the bank for hours in the hope of getting a fish, this year an enterprising individual hit on the idea of telephoning to ardent anglers at their homes or offices to let them know when a trout had left his lair in search of provender.

Thus the sportsman was able to close down his desk, grab his rod and tackle and bolt down to the river by express train in time to catch the unfortunate fish and dash home again.

This may be sport; but it would be illuminating if we could learn the gentle Izaak's views on the innovation.

Goodbye to the Uniform.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR WHO IS RESIGNING.

I have put it on again to-night, not because there is any drill to be attended, but just to feel it upon me.

You seem to be a better man while you are wearing the King's uniform than you ever do, and I want to feel my best when saying good-bye to it.

I have heard it said that you experience a braced-up feeling while wearing a smart cavalry uniform—I know it is true.

I can jingle my spurs against the leg of my chair as I write; I can feel the elastic cloth of my overalls giving easily as I bend my knees; the single gold star on my shoulder catches my eye as I turn my head.

POSTING THE RESIGNATION.

Though the cloth of the tunic is only a rough navy-blue serge, it is cut in a style that will never be equalled by any civilian tailor.

My uniform, at least, has been kind, and I love it.

To-night I bid it good-bye.

I have dressed myself as a soldier, and I hope to have a soldier's courage in saying the farewell.

Why I made up my mind to resign does not matter. Perhaps it was for one reason, and perhaps it was for another. Possibly a word of encouragement from the right quarter at the right moment would have altered things, but it did not come.

The only thing that counts is that the uniform and I are bidding each other good-bye.

To-night I am sending my resignation to the Colonel. I feel that I ought to post it in a black-bordered envelope. When I have put it in the pillar-box, I shall feel that I have no right to wear the uniform again, even though some time will elapse before the official acceptance of my resignation is gazetted and I am thereby freed from my military obligations.

FREE—IN A SENSE.

Freed! Could a word be more inappropriate? I shall no longer be an officer of His Majesty's Territorial Army; I shall no longer have to give up part of my time and all my holidays to his service; I shall no longer have to read drill-books.

Perhaps I should be glad; once I thought I should be. But the parting makes you see facts very clearly, and I am sad and sorry.

Somehow it is like giving up your best girl.

A uniform is more than a suit of clothes, because it means something; it means nearly everything to me.

I shall wear it till I write out my resignation. I shall keep it on till I post the letter, and the spurs will ring at my heels as I walk to the end of the street where the pillar-box stands.

I shall be a soldier every inch, going there and coming back, a soldier so far as the eye can judge, for one must uphold the dignity of His Majesty's livery while wearing it.

God grant that I may also be something of a soldier at heart then. If ever I had an atom of courage it will be wanted to keep a stiff upper lip and a merry eye.

THE LAST CLASH OF THE SPURS.

When I come back I shall use my latchkey quietly, but I shall not be so careful as usual to go softly up the stairs.

What does it matter if I disturb the other people in the house? It is the last time that the jingle of my spurs will awaken them.

I shall take off the uniform and fold it more carefully than I have ever done and place it in its tin case, which is appropriately black, and long, and narrow, like a coffin.

I shall put pieces of camphor with it to keep away the moths.

I don't know why I should want to preserve it, but I do. I could not bring myself to burn it, and the idea of any other man wearing it would be intolerable.



I shall lock the case and carry the key always in my pocket.

The spurs, the cap, the sword—they will still be mine, but if I put them on I shall only be a pretender.

It would be disgracing them if I wore them without the right to do so.

Parting from them will be very, very hard.

May I have a soldier's courage to say good-bye!

"EQUES."

BOOKS FOR MOODS.

Has it ever struck you that in particular moods you require particular kinds of books? Say, for instance, that it is a cold day, with torrents of rain falling, so that you cannot go out. Well, on such a day you do not want to read about rousing games of football under a November sun. It would remind you too much of what you are missing. A much more suitable book would be one of Dickens's, describing cosy evenings in country bar-parlours, while the wind howled outside and the rain dashed against the windows.

When you are hard up, you don't want to read about a man who receives a legacy of countless thousands of pounds. It is more soothing to your soul to hear of the struggles of some jovial Bohemian who "hasn't a bean."

FRIENDS.

The word "friend" is one of the hardest words in the English language to define. Also, a real friend is one of the most difficult things to find.

If you happen to be possessed of a large share of the world's good things, you have many so-called friends, the number diminishing in proportion to the decline of your wealth. But this type of person is more correctly defined as a "sponger."

Every man has his social acquaintances whom he speaks of as friends, but whom he cares not a rap about.

Also, there is the person one has to be civil to for "business reasons."

Sometimes a friendship will give a striking insight to the complexity of a man's character. There are men who, jolly good chaps when in company with one other, when three are present, will conspire with one in making the other look a fool, or in "doing him down." Such a man rarely keeps a friend for long. He is, however, to be pitied, for his actions show gross lack of will power.

RANDOM RECIPES.

HOW TO PREPARE AND TAKE DIFFERENT KINDS OF MENTAL PABULUM.

No doubt a good many readers have felt more or less unwell after eating a chop prepared by the landlady. That is the result of bad cooking.

In the same way, after reading a "great new serial" published by a certain well-known "home paper," they have probably experienced a distinct feeling of nausea; or coming away from a "problem play" by a dramatist of the "sexual" school, they have had a bad pain.

Here, again, faulty preparation is to be blamed. We are accordingly publishing a few recipes and hints on "taking," which may be useful to those whose mental digestion is easily disarranged.

A "DAILY MAIL" "NEWS" STORY.—Take one part of imagination, three parts of sensationalism, four parts of mendacity, and six parts of bad grammar. No truth required. Mix well, and serve with a grain of salt.

NOVEL BY MRS. ELINOR GLYN.—Four parts of pruriency, four parts of suggestion, and sprinkle well with asterisks. . . . Hold the nose while taking.

HOW TO COOK ACCOUNTS.—A pound of scrupulousness, one ounce of caution, as much cleverness as possible. Cook with care, for the "governor" might be looking over your shoulder. That would "make a mess" of it and you would get thyme.

TO PREPARE A DECLARATION OF LOVE.—Seven glasses of whisky as a "binder," one part of honeyed words, one part of moonshining and as much "lip" as required. Squeeze hard; and serve with tongue in cheek.

A COMIC SONG.—One kipper, one man in law, one "peeler," one "slip-on-a-banana-skin," one "My-word-I-was-moppy-on-Sat'd night," one allusion to "uncle," one pair of baggy black trousers (with red patch), one big-boot-dance, and falls on the stage *ad lib*. Serve with roars of applause.

SERIAL STORY IN PAPER FOR THE HOME.—One murderer, preferably called Drippen, and living in Hillpot Crescent, as many incidents as possible similar to latest sensational crime, two parts of "human interest" (*sic*), two parts of hypocrisy, and nine-tenths of rotten bad writing. This is a very popular dish with a certain class of reader. By the major part of us it should be taken with strong discretion.

ARTICLE BY MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.—One trip on "luxurious Pullman Express" (name of "genial manager of the line" mentioned), one lunch at "Pot and Kettle" Inn (name of "beaming Boniface" or "handsome hostess" mentioned), one reference apiece to each of the tradesmen of the town in question, seven teen allusions to "Minty Lamb," and one of Dagonet. Serve with Mustard and Cress. (If you are ill afterwards, we can't help your troubles.)

MODERN MUSICAL COMEDY.—Two parts of idiocy, five parts of brag on the part of heroine, ten of hysteria for the heroine, twenty-five parts of "gags" taken from last year's pantomimes, and the same of "music" plagiarised from better compositions. Decorate with semi-nude ladies. Serve as hot as the law allows. Take with caution.

ARTICLE BY MR. BART KENNEDY.—One idea. Forty or fifty words, each used two or three hundred times. Use full-stops instead of pepper.

HOW TO STEW (for Exams.).—One hour's breakfast, three hours' smoking, one hour's lunch, two hours' snooker-pool, half-hour's tea, two hours' boxing, one hour's dinner, four hours' theatre, nine and a half hours' sleep. Serve the stew with the ashes of burnt books. If the dish is a failure, blame the examiners.

R. HENRY.



A SKETCH OF A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

POMONA PUMICELLI'S

TEAS
5²

BRANT

DINNERS

1/-

PER HEAD



upon these occasions that the Restaurant Pumi-
celli was subjected to a little plain criticism
of the sort that Hendry rejoiced to hear.

Also, both sides would wax gradually more
primitive and call each other anything but vir-
tuous either in fact or in mind—and in the
restaurant, customers would be waiting for
the spoonful of stock soup that the hostile
parties were flinging one at the other.

At the finish, Mr. Isaac Abrahams would
come upon the scene with his "Now, now,
ladies! Now, now!" and add a few words
in Yiddish to his daughters. Waitresses, it
was plain to see he was saying, were hard to
obtain, and these were *goot shicksas*—good
girls. He had been at one time a rabbi.
You could see that plainly enough as he
exhorted them to be at peace—all this with
weird gestures. The Misses Abrahams would
wax dramatically pathetic in somewhat Cock-
neyfied English and all would be well. Their
Oriental tears would flow. The English girls
would purse their poor anxious lips and say it
was "Orl right, Miss—a misunderstandin' a-
both sides." And every word of the foregoing
was to the utter enjoyment of Hendry, who,
on the busiest days, was a god-send to old
Abrahams.

The busiest days were the funniest days at
Pomona Pomicelli's, and Hendry dearly loved
a little truly unconscious humour. At the end
of the day he would solemnly accept his
eighteenpence and put it into his pocket to-
gether with the remains of the excellent
weekly income allowed him by his father.
Also he often picked up "tips" which he
accepted with a well modulated, "Thank ye,
sir"—and placed them in the waitresses' box,
carefully seeing that it was opened before he
left the establishment, for Pomona Pumi-
celli's have certain fixed ideas regarding what
Gentile waitresses should earn. . . . That
accounted, I expect, for the occasional gener-
osity of the ancient and greasy Isaac.

"Goot night, ladies," he would say when
the "Londoners" had taken especial notice
of the box marked "Waitresses' Gratuities."
—"Goot night. You've been goot girls. Goot
girls. My daughters will put the chairs
straight. Goot night. We will open the little
box to-morrow, hein?"

Exuding benevolence from every yellow
pore, he would watch them get on their
skimpy little hats, glad to go, poor girls—
glad to be able to walk slowly home at
11.30 p.m. without being called upon for
one final heavy effort. Then that benevolent
old gentleman would take the keys from the
depths of his vast trousers pocket, open the
box, and gloat when he found silver glinting
amid the coppers.

He was usually politic
enough to leave the coppers.
I know this, for I have
myself watched him while
smoking a final cheroot

with Paul Abrahams (in the pre-touting
days). I have seen him even allowing the
candle to waste by holding it on one side and
letting its grease drop on the floor while
he counted over the threepenny bits and the
sixpences, his dull Oriental eyes nipped up
in glee and greed, his birthright, writ large
on his flaccid, loosely-bearded face.

That Paul Abrahams, the local Grammar-
School-educated, "Kvite English," young
man, should think this amusing was the first
thing that apprised us of the existence of a
barrier between our riotous uncaring, but par-
ticularly good-sporting spirits, and his mean
Yiddisher soul.

He was also a little unnecessary in his com-
ments on the aged Ruth. Yes, "Ruth" we
all called her, from the head of the firm to
the little boy who received one shilling and
sixpence per week for cleaning the knives,
and fetching the bottles of stout or ale
ordered by the customers.

It was thought that she had developed
miserly habits until, one day, they discovered
she had got a husband and that she was
doing her unclean best to support him. The
exact material of her dress was not distin-
guishable for grease. Her blouse showed her
scraggy neck, because she never found time;
or had not the inclination, to sew a missing
button thereon. Ruth, it is surely needless to
say, was the cook.

She worked, as all the best of the pro-
fession do, absolutely without a book. Her
hands, as she very truthfully remarked, were
never so clean as they were after making a
batch of pastry.

Pêche Melba, was, perhaps, above her. But
she made wondrous *compôtes de fruit*. Leave
her utterly alone with a few odd ends of beef,
a little stock, and a big bone or two, and she
would coax the whole into looking and tasting
like turtle soup. "Londoners" who partook
of her confectionery often asked to see her
and make her a small present. . . .

It occurs to me that she would not, perhaps,
have put it so nicely to them as did the ever-
courteous Mr. Isaac Abrahams:

"Sir," he would say, "our cook thanks
you for your leetle present which I hafte taken
to her. She says she would like to see
your kind face but there are other customers
(young gentlemen like you) who are waiting
for their jam omelettes. And here, you know,
there is—no waiting!"

He would bow the customer out—fingering
his honorarium the while.

Now, it is a notice in the paper under the
heading "Receiving Orders in Bankruptcy—
Country," that has reminded me of Pomona
Pomicelli's. Every year old Isaac fails (in
the words of the Official Receiver) to "put
figures together"; every year he gets deeper
into the debt of his spouse; every year that
Presence-possessing lady inexorably presses
her claims.

So here it is again under that old, familiar
heading: "Isaac Abrahams and Son, trading
as Pomona Pomicelli's, Restaurant Keepers."

I know that when the examination is closed,
the creditors for those cats, those guinea-pigs,
those "cooking" eggs, those consignments of
prime, New Zealand mutton, and those talka-
tive Ostend rabbits, will be lucky if they are
paid a half-crown in the pound.

In the meantime, it behoves us to picture
that most inexorable of creditors (and most
faithful of wives), Mrs. Abrahams, bearing
up well under her husband's misfortunes and
turning with commendable fortitude to the
arduous task of balancing up her swelling
banking account.

LONDON'S LOWEST DEPTHS

"We looked o'er London, where men wither and choke,
Roofed in, poor souls, renouncing stars and skies."
—WATTS-DUNTON.

From a quarter to eight onwards, the theatre district of London wakes up from its somnolence, and for about half-an-hour all is gaiety and life.

By a quarter past eight, most of the play-goers have arrived.

Once again there follows a period of comparative quiet, and only the notice boards, "Boxes Full," "Stalls Full," "House Full," indicate the thousands of people who are taking their pleasure. From a quarter to eleven till a quarter past eleven, theatre life, so far as it can be viewed from the street, re-awakens. It is, therefore, only for two half-hours that there is bustle and stir at the doors of the London theatres.

IN THE CUTTER.

During these two half-hours, there stands, night after night, beside the main entrance of one of the best-known playhouses, a woman with a thin, drawn face. With one hand she snuggles her baby to her breast, and with the other she extends a few boxes of matches to induce the pity of the passer-by.

Haughty commissionaires, with all the dignity that they learned in the Army, which was once their profession, blow their whistles and wave majestically to the waiting taxi-drivers and cabmen.

Grand ladies trip gingerly down the red-carpeted staircase, blink, as the sizzling arc-lamps dazzle their eyes, and draw their cloaks closer round their necks as they cross the pavement to their motor-cars.

FORGOTTEN.

Not once in a hundred times do they cast a glance at the forlorn woman who stands, half in the gutter and half out of it, offering her matches for sale. Sometimes the men who are with them notice her and surreptitiously drop a coin in her hand, with a kindly word, "Just for luck" or "Give that to baby."

As the theatre-goers make their way to the restaurants where they are to sup, they discuss the performers who have been entertaining them. One announces that at a recent social gathering she was introduced to Miss Phyllis —, and, thenceforth, what she has to say is listened to with far greater attention, for it is something to have made even the casual acquaintance of Miss Phyllis —.

But the woman who stands in the gutter offering matches for sale was a greater actress in her day than Miss Phyllis — will ever be.

FROM THE STAGE TO THE STREET.

Her day was not so very long ago.

She told me her story once. Something happened to her throat, and it was necessary for her to have it operated upon. Her understudy took her part in the meantime, and much sympathy was expressed for her, both by the Press and by the play-going public, and many were the expressions of the hope that she would soon return to the stage; but she never returned.

She recovered from her illness, only to find that her voice was gone. It was, consequently, impossible for her to earn her living on the stage any longer.

She left behind her a gay life though an innocent one, the advisability of saving any part of her earnings had never struck her, doctors' bills used up all the money she had available, and she had to look about for employment.

For a time she acted as a dresser at a South-

side theatre, and eventually she married a young Canadian who was employed there as foreman of the scene-shifters.

After the marriage he made her give up her work as dresser, and within twelve months of it he died, leaving her nothing but a baby to bear his name. Her post had been filled, and she could obtain no other employment. She searched for work as long as her strength lasted, but a woman with a baby to look after has not much chance, and she returned to theatre-land, selling matches outside the great playhouse where she had once been a star.

STRUGGLING FOR EXISTENCE.

She is fragile in health, and it is not likely that she can keep it up very much longer, but her pluck is marvellous, for she has something to work for—the tiny infant whom she keeps wrapped up so carefully, and holds with her left arm.

Coming, as she has done, from the gay life to the gutter, she may well be said to have tapped London's lowest depths.

One of the most terrible tragedies of which I have a personal knowledge, was one which saw its climax in the criminal courts. It was the more terrible and the more impressive, because I had watched its development, and because I knew before the end what was likely to happen.

INVESTIGATION.

I met the characters in it during certain investigations which I made on behalf of a magazine, which had commissioned me to write a series of articles on the seamy side of London life.

One day I visited a block of model dwellings for workmen, situated only a stone's throw from the Strand. I wanted to obtain particulars as to the rents paid and the advantages offered, and the tenant who gave me most of the information I required was a newly-married woman of about twenty.

She was talking to a neighbour when I spoke to them, and she courteously invited me to inspect her rooms. Doubtless, the invitation was to some extent due to justifiable vanity, for they were spotlessly clean, and did credit to her talents as a housekeeper. She told me that her husband was a barman at a public-house in Fleet Street, and that he was very kind to her and very steady-going.

A few months later I again had occasion to ascertain certain facts concerning these model dwellings, and I called once more upon this woman. She was making preparations for departure, for she told me that they

could no longer afford to live in such comfortable quarters. I asked her whether her husband had lost his job, but all that she would say was that he had left it for another. She told me where they proposed to go, and I made a note of the address.

The only way to learn the inner side of London life is to know intimately as many of its people as possible, and I intended to do so on this woman again.

DRINK.

A few months later, circumstances enabled me to do so. The house was in the stages of dilapidation. A woman who occupied the lower flat directed me upstairs, knocked at the door she indicated, opened by a man who was still young in appearance but hopelessly broken by drink.

His eyes stared without focus as he looked inquiringly at me. When I told him that I was the reporter from the "Monthly," he smiled an alcoholic welcome and invited me to come in.

The room was practically unfurnished, on a broken chair beside the window sat a young woman whom I had met twice previously.

She was stitching a waistcoat for a sewing tailor. She remembered me quite well, though I should scarcely have recognised her, so much had want and privation changed her.

TO THE BITTER END.

"Not much good for your paper this," she said; "I suppose it's what's always happened in London."

She looked out over the chimney-pots with a fully.

"I wish Harry had got a job in the country, instead of here," she said. "This might have been different."

I learned that her husband had lost one after another, and had at length become incapable of holding any. As to him, my interest was not greatly aroused, for he was of a type unfortunately too common in London, but she surely—a woman obviously intended to make and maintain a comfortable home—had reached the depths in being married to such a man.

It was not very long after that I read in an evening paper that he had murdered a woman. A sentimental jury found him to be of a sound mind, and possibly they were right. But whenever this particular tragedy of London life is recalled to my mind, I think not so much of the scene in the Old Bailey of the picture of that young woman stitching the waistcoat in the garret—hopeless, but fighting.

STUART FREEMAN

CORRESPONDING RANKS IN NAVY AND ARMY.

A field-marshal ranks with an admiral of the Fleet, and a general with an admiral.

A lieutenant-general is equal to a rear-admiral, a major-general to a commodore, and a brigadier-general to a captain.

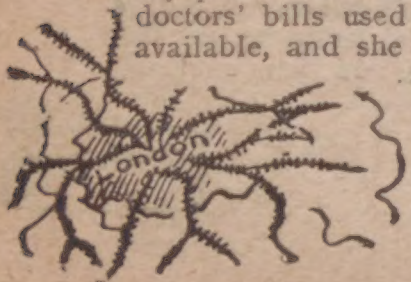
A full colonel is as good as a naval captain of three years' seniority, while the captain with less than that seniority ranks with a lieutenant-colonel. A commander also ranks with a lieutenant-colonel, but is junior to a major.

A major is on the same footing as a lieutenant with eight years' seniority, while lieutenants of lower standing are equal to Army captains.

The military lieutenant and the sailor's lieutenant go together, while chief gunnery, chief boatswains, chief carpenters, chief fitter engineers, and chief schoolmasters of the Navy are classed with Army lieutenants.

A colonel or his equal in the Navy ranks after the Bishop or Chief Justice of a country.

Army warrant-officers rank with naval gunners and boatswains.



THE RAGGED LAND.

OUT OF DOORS AMONG THE RUINS OF SUMMER.

It is to be feared that the fireside and the armchair are just at this time of year much more attractive to us all than the high road or the open fields.

There is some excuse for the reluctance of so many people to continue the open-air life far down into the dark of the year. They

remember the long days of summer, when at least the night tarried, even if the days were not of perfect splendour.

They have not as yet grown accustomed to getting wet on the shoulders, or to reaching home with boots and trousers bespattered with mud.

These things have a deterrent effect on even the hardiest for a time.

But they cannot prevent some of us from enjoying winter and autumn. True, it requires a sort of plunge before we can really revel in the wild and boisterous weather and find enjoyment in the lanes and fields, bedraggled as they are in their autumn dishevelment.

TAKING THE PLUNGE.

It is rather like the cold swim on a winter's day. The water thought of from a distance is attractive; seen from the brink of the big bath, however, it has grown less so, and looks very cold and still and cruel.

As one divests oneself of each item of clothing in turn, it becomes perfectly appalling in its iciness; and when at last one stands stripped upon the edge, gooseflesh standing out all over, there is for a second or two an impulse to get back to the dressing cubicle and hurry into clothes again.

But to accept defeat like this is not your way. With an effort you grip yourself, take a breath, throw up your hands, and shoot forward into the water, gliding smoothly below the surface, otter-like, and strike out with vigour and relish. There is a roaring of water in your ears as you rise to the surface and shake your head clear of water. The first twinge was sharp, but now the blood is again circulating actively, and you look at others, still shivering on the brink, dipping toes gingerly into the water, and think how foolish they are not to take the plunge.

LEAVING THE FIRESIDE.

It is just the same with the outdoor man and autumn. For the cold swimming-bath substitute the raw-looking fields, the shaggy woods, the storm-water lying in shallow flashes out in the low pastures, the forbidding skies, and the shrieking gales, and the feeling is just the same.

There is a hesitancy about leaving the house. The logs burn so smartly after-breakfast, slippers are so comfortable; and thick boots, not yet broken in to your feet after resting all the summer in some dark cupboard, seem like cold irons.

Nevertheless, at the back of your mind you know that this forbidding aspect of things is not really and ultimately going to deter you; and, indeed, you often indulge in such thoughts simply because they brighten your indoor comfort.

Long before the morning has run its course you have crossed the threshold, and, once well away from the house, there is nothing within range of your sense that does not give you equal, if not greater, pleasure.

For one thing you are fully equipped against wet and wind, and in your own activities you have the perfect remedy for the cold air and dead-cold rain.

The feeling of having met and mastered the elements is reawakened as you tramp the lanes, and you long for greater severity of wind and cold—something, indeed, to test your love of this sort of thing; something, as we said at school, "worth writing home about."

Around you lies the wreck of another year. Harvests have been gathered; indeed, a few of the stubbles are already being ploughed, and lonely rooks, and gulls from the coast, are circling round about the coulter as the red-brown earth is turned up, smooth and shining, in long furrows.

LOST RELICS OF SUMMER.

The wind is fast thrashing every leaf from the trees. The old oaks cling to their foliage the longest, but the tops of the mournful poplars still have tufts of leaves which the wind cannot grip. The tips bend before the gale like a fishing rod with a pound trout on the line.

And thus the last leaves to escape the doom of autumn are these at the tips—the most exposed of all.

Far out over the fields, the leaves fly high across the land. Only when the wind drops do they come to earth and drift in long lines against the windward sides of the hedges, driven up against the reddening briar leaves and the clustering haws.

The bayonet is nowadays the only weapon which is left to the infantryman when he comes to close quarters, and there are those even now who want to see it abolished in the British army.

Its name is taken from the French town of Bayonne, where it was first invented about 1644.

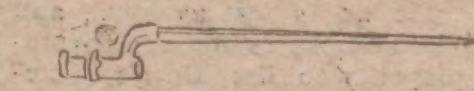
The story goes that the weapon was originally suggested by some hard-pressed infantrymen who thrust the heads of their broken pikes into the broad muzzles of their muskets and continued to fight hand to hand.

Until comparatively recent times bayonets were actually screwed into the muzzle of the musket, so that once they were fixed firing was no longer possible.

Nowadays, of course, the bayonet clips on with a spring, being kept in place, in the case of some rifles, by a ring round the muzzle. One can now fire as well with the bayonet fixed as without it, the only difference being that the shots go slightly low. With the new short Lee-Enfield rifle the bayonet has no appreciable effect.

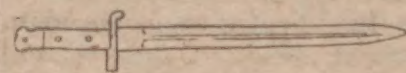
The type of bayonet now in use is known as the sword bayonet, and, being fitted with a hilt, can be used without being attached to the rifle, though this adds considerably to the weight.

The first of the attached illustrations shows the regulation pattern with which most of the British Infantry are armed. The bayonet carried by the Guards differs slightly, but is in most respects the same.

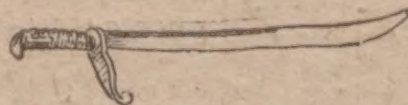


2. Obsolete British bayonet.

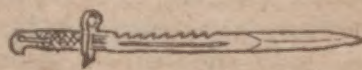
BAYONETS.



1. Modern British bayonet.



4. French Chassepot bayonet.



3. Martini saw-edge bayonet.

You have by now ceased to pick your way. The town habit of thinking of your boots, and having them frequently cleaned, went with you into these country lanes, and you found yourself on tiptoe sometimes skirting soft places and avoiding shallow puddles.

A STREAM OF SUNSHINE.

And you have probably laughed to yourself at your care, and then you have discarded these finicking ways and gone slapdash through everything. For what else did you come clad in thick boots and thick stockings?

At rare intervals there comes a break in the clouds. First a streak of light that you watch anxiously; then a broader opening; the well-defined outline of a great boulder or cloud; and suddenly a flash of rich yellow sunshine, with little heat, but infinite cheerfulness, streams for a moment across the fields, gilding the bared tree tops, and inflaming to a wonderful red the dull blood-colour of the dying bramble leaves.

C. EASTON-GREY.

A WOMAN'S MOTTOES.

The difference between £4 19s. 11¹/₂d. and £5 is enormous. It divides cheapness from extravagance.

The sweetest way of scoring off a girl you don't like is to make her "best boy" transfer his affections to you.

The whole pleasure of going to a theatre is spoiled if you see another woman of your acquaintance in a more expensive seat.

A dazzling set of false teeth is infinitely preferable to a defective set of real ones.

Women dress not so much to fascinate men as to excite the envy of other women.

A girl never really *likes* a girl who is prettier than herself. Her best friend is always a plain woman.

Besides the sharp point, the modern bayonet has two cutting edges, and when one contemplates

having it driven into one and twisted round, one can appreciate the wholesome terror which the Boers had for "cold steel" in South Africa.

The second illustration shows the type of bayonet which was used during the close of the eighteenth and the greater part of the nineteenth centuries, being last used in the Egyptian campaign. It had a brass-tipped scabbard of black leather.

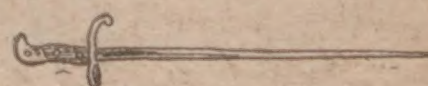
As will be observed, it is fixed solely to the barrel, which is liable to be considerably strained. The blade is triangular, having three sharp edges and a groove between each—a bloodthirsty weapon, but not quite so unpleasant as that next depicted.

This is the bayonet of the Martini breech-loading rifle. One side of the blade is made partly in the form of a saw, and could inflict a fearful wound. Some of the old pattern British Artillery sword-bayonets were also fitted with a saw back.

The fourth illustration shows the chassepot bayonet with which the French fought throughout the Franco-Prussian war. Like most French bayonets it has only one edge and a broad back.

The last sketch shows the French "Gras" bayonet, a long, thin tapering one-edged weapon, with a heavy scabbard of solid metal.

C. RONALD.



5. French Gras bayonet.

HALF-BACK PLAY

AND SOME HALVES I HAVE MET.

By R. WHITTINGHAM, OF THE CHELSEA F.C.

There is no more responsible position in a football team than that of a half-back; for, in a measure, he has a hand—or, rather, two feet—in both attack and defence. Above all things, a half-back must continually play with his head, mentally as well as physically.

Half-backs are of all types and varieties. There is the big bustling half-back, the light, worrying little man, and there is the half-back who combines the methods of the two. But the first-class modern half-back is a man of good average weight, who combines with clever footwork a quickness of judgment and tactical ingenuity second to none.

THE MOST VERSATILE MAN.

The half-backs are the pivot upon which the whole team swings. You might have forwards, backs, and goalkeeper all Internationals, but if the halves were inefficient, your team would lose far more matches than it won.

Indeed, if you had even one half-back whose form was poor, you could not actually say that your team was a strong one.

Half-backs' work is neither solely aggressive nor solely defensive. It can be described as "six of one, and half a dozen of the other."

When the opposing team are acting on the offensive, the halves must be down with the backs, helping in the work of defence. When their own side are attacking, they must again be hard at work well up behind the forwards, whom they assist to the best of their power. They must never tire. They must be always "in the game," never still.

A good half-back can tackle almost as strongly as a back, and pass quite as surely, and dribble practically as well as any of the forward line. He must be as agile as a cat, and if he is fast on his feet, so much the better.

WHEN THE HALF SHOOT.

Despite the fact that a half-back is chiefly occupied, when attacking, in feeding his forwards as judiciously as possible, he should not neglect an opportunity of putting in a shot himself. I have seen many a chance lost by a half passing to a forward when he himself had a good opening for a hard shot.

This rule should be observed especially in muddy weather, for a goalkeeper finds it very difficult to stop and gather a wet, greasy ball properly, and a long but powerful shot will often make him let the ball slip through his fingers into the net or bounce out again at the forwards' toes.

A forward's experience of half-backs' methods differs, of course, according as they are his own or the opposing halves. What I mean is, that his own half-backs, so far as he is concerned with them, are acting on the aggressive and feeding him; whereas the opposing half-backs are defending, and tackling him.

HARD TO COMPARE.

That is why it is, perhaps, difficult to make comparisons between the half-backs with and against whom one has played; because it is hardly possible to judge them from the same standpoint. This is where the spectator has an advantage over the player. Although not taking active part in the game, he sees a lot more of it than any of the men on the field.

I shall not forget the match played at Bradford between Bradford City, for whom I was playing, and Manchester United, in the season of 1908-9, for it was the biggest game in which I met Charley Roberts.



He is, in my estimation, the best half-back playing the game to-day, for he never gives a forward a moment's peace. He is not vigorous; he is a "worrier." A good tackler, too, is Charley; but, if you should manage to beat him, he will be after you like a flash, doing all he can to get the ball back again. He has wonderful judgment in feeding his forwards, too; and it was undoubtedly due chiefly to his exertions that, on the occasion to which I am referring, Manchester United beat us by one goal to nil.

A SCOTTISH HALF.

Second best to Roberts, I think, is Charley Thompson, of Sunderland, the Scottish International.

The occasion on which I first met him was a memorable one. It was a third round Cup-tie at Bradford in 1908-9; and the interest excited by the game will be seen from the fact that the gate was a record one for Bradford, numbering 40,000. Sunderland won by two goals to one, and they owed their victory in a great measure to Thompson, who bottled up our forwards in fine style. He is one of the robust type of halves—a big, bustling man.

Two of my most exciting matches, in which I met some notable half-backs, were at the back-end of last season, when I had been transferred to Chelsea, my present Club, from Bradford City.

The first was against Bristol City, and in it I met "Fatty" Wedlock, the English International, one of the "brainiest" half-backs playing football. He is a master of the "open game," and full of dodges. Although only five foot four, he is worth any other man six foot high.

CHELSEA AND THE 'SPURS.

The second of the two matches above referred to was the last of the season, to decide whether Tottenham Hotspur or Chelsea should go down to the Second Division of the League.

Tottenham Hotspur, if will be remembered, were victorious by two goals to one. Danny Steele played a great game for them. I was greatly interested in the contrast presented by the methods of Danny with those of our own centre-half, English McConnell, who belies his Christian name by being an Irishman, and an International.

Whereas Steele is a good, hard-working half, McConnell is a much cleverer, more finished player. He works just as hard, and he gets the pull because he is more resourceful. He is a player who has always something up his sleeve.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

XII.—UNDER FIRE.

I suppose every soldier looks forward with mingled eagerness and apprehension to his "baptism of fire."

It was the latter feeling that mainly filled my bosom when, in the small hours of the morning, I found myself marching to my first battle—against the rebellious Matabele. I certainly felt precious funky, yet the moment the fight began that feeling disappeared.

The first time I was under fire I really enjoyed it, but with each succeeding engagement I grew less and less in love with the game, and I believe most men who have seen active service would tell you the same.

I must say this Matabele show was trying work. There was no forming square and mowing them down with shot and shell as they charged. The beggars had retired into the Matoppo Hills, and the usual programme was as follows: Start about 2 a.m. and march into the hills, then four or five hours of potting at and being potted by an invisible enemy. It was not until my fifth engagement that I really saw the foe.

I was attached to a mountain battery, and early one morning we were sent on ahead to occupy a very steep kopje.

Half way up the steep slope there was a sort of saddle or plateau surrounded by trees. Just as we arrived on this level I was cursing at having had no breakfast, and prophesying that, as usual, we should not see a damn nigger when suddenly firing broke out from above and all around us.

I could see the Matabele flitting about among the trees. I saw the escort rush forward and lie down firing. I helped to unlimber the guns from the mules.

Had the enemy come on with assegais at first, they would undoubtedly have chawed us up, but, fortunately, they stopped to fire and that gave us time to get the Maxim spitting, the Hotchkiss barking, and our own seven-pounders pumping case as fast as ever we could ram it in.

My skipper went down with a bullet in his thigh, and I was feeling pretty rotten when somebody hit me a terrific blow on the knee.

I went down, but immediately jumped up, expecting to find a savage behind me. There was nobody near, yet I was sure somebody had hit me with a big stick. I was puzzled. There was no pain in my leg, but looking down I saw the blood oozing through two tiny holes in my breeches. Then it dawned upon me that I had been shot.

It was rather a curious wound. The bullet—a hard-nosed Lee-Metford—traversed the outside of the knee, going under the skin, but without touching the bone, and thus I just escaped losing my leg.

Although the bullet penetrated only thin skin, the force of the blow was enough to knock me over. What, then, must not be the shock when a bullet meets bone or goes deep down?

A minute or two later I was scared out of my life. We had war rockets with us, and somebody started to let off one. The blamed fool, however, did not know how to fix it, and instead of soaring in the air it went off along the ground. I had my back to it, and it went right between my legs.

I believe I jumped about ten feet in the air, and, perilous though our situation was, everybody roared with laughter.

We were hemmed in for the best part of an hour, and lost five killed and some thirty wounded before the main body came up and relieved us. I must say I felt proud of my wound, and the fellows who had not been touched were undisguisedly envious. Funny thing life, isn't it?

C. G. BULKSLEY



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By C. J. NEWTON.

THE BUBBLE REPUTATION



a bit of smoke sometimes. These two could supply it to order. Smoke, or milk-and-water accordin' to the company.

"And—you know the hydro-girl." "Fern-pressing in volumes of Tennyson, sometimes geology," I replied.

My friend seemed rather disappointed. "We'll, yes," he went on, "but it's plain to me that you have not knocked up against the worst of 'em—the sort that keeps an Album and wants you to put something original in it—something in drawing or verse."

"You could put Miss Barglay in that class." "Now, you may depend that Greever and Trelade had allowed for *this* sort of thing in their system. Trelade did the verses, as he had a turn for rhyming and Jimmy Greever obliged with the pen and ink drawings. Where the ladies preferred the original verse (not sentimental—quite humorous and politely personal) Trelade did them for both. Trelade couldn't draw a line and Greever had the sort of brain not unlike some of our music-hall lyric writers who rhyme 'm's' with 'n's' and never trouble whether their productions scan."

"Ada Barglay (over whom it is a very regrettable thing to say both were slightly gone) couldn't stand what she termed 'silly writing stuff.' The custom of their years of friendship acted automatically. Greever did a sketch in different styles for both 'without Trelade as much as asking him."

"They were, of course, copies, for a fly has far more originality in it than Jimmy Greever. One was a thing of Lawson Wood's, and the other something of Tom Browne's—both totally different styles, one in wash and the other in line, and signed respectively, James Greever and Thomas Trelade."

"Well, Miss Barglay was delighted with both, and the Old Buffer, who turned out to be something very influential in big new paper circles, said they were very well done, too. Where the trouble came in was that he thought the one signed Trelade was by far the better, and between ourselves there's no doubt the fair Ada did also. Which accounts for the slight coolness that sprang up upon their departure between Trelade and Greever."

"A month passed and Trelade had a letter from his very sincerely Ada Barglay, saying that as he had drawn such a nice sketch in her Album, would he kindly do likewise in her small sister's (enclosed). Trelade roared over this—but it was not until he had brutally reminded Greever of the times and times he had benefited from a totally non-existent capacity for smart verse (written, as per system, by Trelade)—that Greever consented to draw another sketch in the book of Ada's younger sister and let him sign it as his own work. And you will note that no such request had been made of the actual artist."

"As a matter of fact, too, there had been a P.S. to the letter which said that it was thought that Mr. Greever had rather libelled the original (which they had at home in a sixpenny weekly of some sort)."

"That, I suppose, was the first secret Trelade had from Jimmy."

"The limit came when old Barglay, who took an interest in 'this promising young artist, Mr. Trelade,' generously insisted on his coming to London and going to an art school to learn the little points of which the sketches in the albums showed him slightly deficient. Trelade, slightly deficient!"

"Surely —" I began.

"Oh, no. Tommy Trelade was no hero. He couldn't draw a line—but he took the chance."

"How he benefited by that tuition is shown in this—and a hundred other of the smartest pen and ink sketches of the day. And Ada—but why make the ending tame by telling you the obvious?"

"At that time the prospects of both of 'em weren't exactly bright, and the last thing Jimmy Greever thought about was that his great-uncle would leave him the flourishin' little business that he's got now."

"Anyhow, they used to hold little casual conversations about hot springs, chalybeate waters, and so on with these various old buffers who trilled about here in bath-chairs all day groanin' at every conceivable opportunity, and who drank things that didn't like *them* all the evenin'. (You know. The High Toryism, High Game, and Old-Port-for-ever lot.)"

"Now, it's wonderful when you come to compare the grousy contents of the bath-chairs here with those bits of feminine beauty that walk by the side of 'em arrangin' the cushions at intervals and always lookin' angelic. It's marvellous when you're introduced to 'em by the old buffer as—my daughter, sir—my daughter—in the peppery-Colonel-and-Bengal-chutney accents."

"But Trelade and Greever had got over that sort of surprise when an old over-ported one called Barglay introduced 'em to the lissome young woman by his off-wheel as his off-spring. (Pardon!)"

"Well, here I must tell you a bit more about Messrs. Greever's and Trelade's—system. Yes. You can't call it anything else. That's what they'd reduced their *modus operandi* to. This philandering, although a hobby with a purpose, as I've remarked, was primarily a hobby. They were always good company wherever they went, because they fitted in nicely—like a dovetail in a Chippendale sideboard."

"That's the very best thing between two pals—that dovetailing, and Damon and Pythias weren't to be named alongside them for that. They gave each other openin's for witty repartee. They scored off each other in the very best of good humour, and the result was that they were asked out to coach drives, to little evening parties, to dances up at the hydros that were open for holiday-makers rather than for cripples."

"You see the idea. Greever could titivate the ivories, and Tommy was first-rate at the Lewis Sydney act, top weight, as you might say, at *al fresco* stuff. It gave 'em, as you will see, enjoyable evenin's. And a Social Success in a potty little Spa is always in for a good time."

"The atmosphere of a Spa can do with

We all roared over it. The joke was good. The drawing was better. We passed the famous little threepennyworth of humour around twice and laughed again.

As a matter of fact, with Jimmy Greever sitting up in the corner of the little smoke-room and exuding therefrom the comfortless dampness that is the gift of the really few effective misogynists, we wanted livening up. He found fault with the shading, but had to cough faintly (this was his hearty laugh) over the expression on the faces. Jimmy Greever I had seen casually, but not heard. I looked inquiringly at a man I knew better.

"Got a jolly nice little old-established chemist's business," he explained to me, "but I think he'd rather be earning a couple of quid a week sketching things than drawing enough out of the business to make *me* wish, well, that I could have just what the In-come-Tax man gets out of him per annum as my pocket money. I could stand the boys an extra round or two without hurting myself, I can tell you!"

"Tween you and me, too, they're showing round that drawing twice just to get his rag out. (Rough on the artistic temperament? Rot! My dear man, do you think we're going to pity a prosperous blighter—hauling in the quidlets like *he* is, too. Not in our little lives!) As I said—look how old George is givin' 'em all the wink. . . . No—but they can't get him to produce the cellular this time—as I said, they did all that—praised it up and laughed at it, because it's one of Tommy Trelade's things. Look. *That's* his *nom de plume*. You know his work, of course? Well, he was dead pals with Jimmy Greever, that God-forsaken, miserable-lookin' beggar in the corner there."

"I'm talking of three years ago. In those days when you met Greever alone, you said 'Where's Trelade?' and it was just reversing the process if you dropped across Trelade without his—his shadow. It wasn't often you found 'em apart. Like all good pals they had their periodical estrangements of a week or so over some dam fool thing, but even then if you'd got any criticism to make about Trelade you wouldn't get any sort of a fair hearin' from Greever—and *vice versa*."

"We got to call 'em the Belgian Arms motto, 'La Union fait la force' was their motto, which, if you can't understand my Frongsay, means 'United we stand, divided we fall.' (As you say it's a liberal translation.)"

"Trelade, whose guv'nor was a Mason (one of the sort that's better at carvin' a Masonic dinner saddle of mutton than chippin' out grave-stones), often gave him tickets for concerts, etcetera, but if Tommy couldn't get one for Greever as well they'd go for long night walks and let the concerts or the dances or the plays go hang. You see what sort of pals they were, eh?"

"But they got plenty of fun even out of this tinpot little Spa and they used to stroll around nonchalantly (as the novelist observes) as if they were visitors takin' the waters because it was the thing. You wouldn't catch 'em makin' an undue display of the fact that their income was no pounds odd per week."

"They were giddy philanderers—but with a purpose. You must remember that—with a purpose. Many chaps in this town owe their big positions in London to the influence of Big Bungs they've met casually. Big Bungs in bath-chairs who thought 'em promisin' lads and acted accordingly. (And a promisin' lad in *their* eyes was the sort who'd give 'em an extra push up the hills, assist their gouty legs over the road, and so on.)"



THE GIDDY KIPPER.

AN INSTRUCTIVE DISQUISITION.

In these days the meddlesome Briton is not content even to allow his most ancient idioms to rest in peace.

If any politician indulges in these little idioms, if he says you are to "wait and see," if he thinks the "cat has been let out of the bag," if it is suggested that his last bit of limehousing has "put the lid on it," some admirer or the reverse writes to his ha'porth of daily more or less accurate information and wants to know (for instance) at what date it was the custom to keep the Terror of the Tiles in a bag, because, of course, the phrase must have had some tangible origin.

Now I am not concerned with such people as politicians, but a friend of mine has written saying that on countless occasions he has been termed a Giddy Kipper by certain duly designated acquaintances of whom I will speak later, and having noticed the enthusiasm raised over the fact that a member of the Government has been achieving considerable fame by "letting the cat out of the bag," he writes wishing for a cheap advertisement—seeking for information, I mean.

"Why," says he, "a giddy kipper?"

Let him picture first of all the kipper in his original (and useless) state, swimming under the title of herring in the sea with millions of other hard-roed and soft-roed relations. His life is absolutely devoid of any sort of excitement and he just goes the way that the shoal takes him.

But the autumn comes and year after year his kind never fail to render phosphorescent that part of the sea which geographical authorities tactfully call the North Sea or German Ocean and leave it at that.

Then mankind steps in and makes him an object of interest. One night he bangs his nose into a net, and not having the sense to back-water he stays there until they haul him up.

By kind assistance of the fishing-boats he has taken the first step on the road to becoming an English idiom!

Stress of weather, or the intentions of the skipper (who only misses the fame that awaits the herring by a small "s"), causes him to be flung, with countless others, into the lee scuppers, or somewhere like that.

They fling very coarse salt over him, they take a shovel and throw him with a lot of his old friends into the hold. They never let him rest. He has not been there long before they throw a lot more on top of him, and when they have sat on him to the utmost capacity of the hold they run him home to the fish-market.

There he emerges at last into the light of day and is "cranned out" into one of fifty double herring-skeps. On the market a buyer picks him up and nips his stomach to test his quality, throws him back without ceremony, and buys him together with some thousands of others.

The women get at the poor brute next. Scotch girls seize hold of him and rip him down the back, disembowelling him entirely. Then they hand him over to a brawny-armed ruffian who threads him on a long rod and places him in a darksome place that is soon filled with the fumes of smouldering oak-wood.

They follow this up by packing him in boxes and entraining him for London, and, dear friend, to you.

Is not that enough to make any kipper giddy?

Now, my correspondent goes on to say that certain "saucy minxes" called him a "giddy kipper."

A saucy minx, in the first place—

["No, no!"—ED.]

RATCLIFFE LAWSON.



BOTH SIDES OF THE HOOTER QUESTION.

There can be no denying the fact that the time has come when something louder than the old-time bell is necessary for the cyclist's use, at least, in busy centres, and until an instrument sweeter in tone is introduced, the hooter must be proclaimed the best means of warning that the cyclist can have at his disposal.

Some years ago the hooter was regarded as the mark of the hooligan, or else its user was hailed as one who aped the motorist.

But all this has changed. Now that motor-buses scurry noisily along every main thoroughfare, the gentle tinkle of the bell passes unheard, and the very conservative cyclist is compelled to trust to luck, strong brakes, or his skill as a rider to avoid frequent mishaps.

AM-DST HEAVY TRAFFIC.

When a motor-bus is stationary at the side of the pavement, someone (like the famous chicken of the riddle-book) will rush in front in order to get to the other side.

If a bell-bearing cyclist happens to be passing on the outer side of that bus there is trouble in store for both rider and runner. Where the hooter is carried the whole aspect is changed.

The chief claim to utility that can be made on behalf of the hooter lies, it must be confessed, in its ability to deceive people. On hearing the distant hoot, the average pedestrian clears out of the road, thinking to escape from a motor. Perhaps he may be a little angry when he discovers that he has made way for such a harmless individual as the cyclist.

Whether this state of affairs will be altered when the carrying of a horn becomes a universal practice among cyclists remains to be seen.

ADVANTAGES OF THE HORN.

Anyhow, that day is coming. Personally, as well as my small horn, I carry a bell—extra weight, it is true—for the special benefit of the old lady of the quiet country road.

If the horn is fitted to the top bar of the cycle frame a slight touch of the knee—no need to stop pedalling—will bring the rubber bulb into contact with the metal, the hands being left free to manage the handle-bars.

Then as to night riding. Carefully you are pedalling along the narrow country lane, when from the distance comes the ominous sound of a motor engine. As you look

SOUNDING THE APPROACH

around you catch a glimpse of two great white eyes which seem to spread right across the roadway. A bend in the lane is manipulated, and smilingly you prepare for your tactical move. The car draws nearer, is almost at the bend, when you give the distinct hoots which cut through the crisp night air. The motorist answers, slows down, and then passes you well on the right-hand side.

He gives you ample breathing space, and no evil thoughts of a dive into that gloomy ditch permeate your mind—there is no need to fear that slimy mud which, you feel sure, rests at the bottom.

A WORD ON REAR LIGHTS.

Had you used the bell, the chances are that you would have been allotted about eighteen inches and you would have had the time of your life along the bank of that wretched ditch.

While dwelling on this topic, it may not be out of place to remark on the lack of a suitable rear light for cycles. In these days of fast-travelling motors, there is always some risk of being run down, for despite his blinding acetylene lamps, the motorist is unable to discover the wheelman until close upon him. There are, on the market, some patent lenses, but personally I should not care to pin my faith merely to a piece of polished glass.

ARGUMENTS.

Now for the other side of the hooter question. The "mark of the hooligan" argument is devoid of all sense and meaning. One might just as well describe the bell as the "mark of the reckless ass," which would, of course, be absurd.

Then there are the people who preach the doctrine of "one vehicle—one sound." These must first look to their greater enemies the motorists, who have not only the despised hooter, but two or three note horns, shrill and shrieking sirens, grunting "croakers" and innumerable instruments calculated to torment the passer-by.

But the horn-bearing cyclist must not tyrannise. He must not be too free in lavishing on his fellow-men the raucous notes of his all-conquering hooter. Finally, he must always remember that it is the pedestrian who has a prior claim to the road, for, after all, he was there first.

B. ATHLONE.

STYLE IN GOLF.

"Sandy" Herd, the well-known golfer, has a very peculiar style of "addressing" his ball when driving.

He first of all takes up his position so that his left foot is some six or eight inches in front of the ball. Then he waggles his club and you think he is going to play, but not so. At the last moment he shifts his feet back—I mean, towards the back of the teeing ground—a couple of inches. Then he begins again, only to shift his feet still further back. This performance is repeated four or five times until at last he is satisfied.

The antithesis of Herd in this respect is George Duncan, who succumbed to Sherlock in the final of a recent much-advertised tournament. Duncan walks up to his ball, gives a careless glance at it, and then sends it whizzing down the course.

Duncan is a golfing iconoclast, and successfully defies the time-honoured convention of "Slow back." But one would not advise a less experienced player to imitate his lightning style.

OPENINGS IN CHESS

PRACTICAL LESSON FOR BEGINNERS.

There are twenty possible moves for the opening player to choose from, and his opponent reply in as many different ways. After that possible moves are innumerable, and thus by great variety, chess loses nothing of its fascination to the player of hundreds of games. Though undeniably the oldest game in existence, probably no two contests in chess have been played alike—save, of course, in such instances as the scholar's mate mentioned below. Thus the game can never become monotonous. It is granted that the reader knows the simple names of the pieces, the following remarks concerning the openings—moves which govern the early course of the game—should be understood. In an opening, there are two vital points to be remembered. One is that attention must be given to the defensive position in which the pieces are being placed, and the other, and most important, is the manner in which you are attacking your opponent's forces, and the particular pieces which come within your range. The Knight invariably plays a large part in the opening stages, for he is the one piece that can "fork" when the game is undeveloped.

MOVES ARE RECORDED.

In order to describe the movements without the aid of diagrams, it is necessary to employ a system of naming the squares. Regarding one side—say white—all squares on the first or back row are named from the pieces named thereon. Thus, the centre squares are named Ksq. and Qsq. On the left of the Queen's square are QBsq. (Queen's Bishop's square), KBsq. and QRsq., while on the right of the Queen's square are KBsq., KKtsq., and KRsq. The squares directly in front of the King's square are K2, in front of that is K3, and so on to K8. The other squares derive their names similarly from the piece that occupies the first square on the file, as the straight line between the players is called. At right angles to the files are the

should be noted that each square has two names—one given by White and the other by Black. Thus, the square that is QB4 to White is B4 to Black. A cross represents the word "and" and a Pawn is represented simply by P. It may be well to describe, at the outset, the recognised openings, but a player should never be led by precedent. Often a novice will upset an experienced player by indulging in somewhat "eccentric" openings.

THE OPENINGS.

The *Giuoco Piano* is the best known of all the openings; it is generally played in the following manner:—

- | White. | Black. |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| 1. P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2. Kt to KB3 | Kt to QB3 |
| 3. B to B4 | B to B4 |
| 4. Castles, or P to Q3. | |

From this point play may proceed in a number of different ways, but, for the most part, the game is a quiet one until the board is slightly

popular opening is the *Ruy Lopez*.

- | | |
|--------------|-----------|
| 1. P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2. Kt to KB3 | Kt to QB3 |
| 3. B to K15 | P to QR3 |
| 4. B to R4 | Kt to B3 |

From here play varies, but an early castling usually results.

A rather useful series to remember is the *Knight's* opening:—

- | | |
|--------------|-----------|
| 1. P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2. Kt to KB3 | Kt to QB3 |
| 3. Kt to B3 | Kt to B3 |
| 4. B to K15 | B to K15 |
| 5. Castles | Castles |



Up to this point it will be noticed that the moves of the opposing forces are practically identical. But before copying an opponent's movements it is as well to look out for better things.

6. Kt to Q5 Kt x Kt

Here a slaughter follows, generally brought about thus:—

7. P x Kt P to K5
8. P x Kt P x Kt

Of course, it is understood that a man specially powerful in the manipulation of Knights will break away from the usual moves in order to save his favourite pieces.

9. Q x P QP x P

Rather more complicated are the results of the following *Centre Game*:—

- | | |
|-------------|-----------|
| 1. P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2. P to Q4 | P x P |
| 3. Q x P | Kt to QB3 |
| 4. Q to K3 | B to K2 |
| 5. B to Q3 | Kt to B3 |
| 6. Q to Kt3 | Castles |
| 7. B to Q2 | P to Q3 |

The later moves of this series may be varied by either party, though the above is the best mutual result that may be attained.

MOVES WORTH REMEMBERING.

Though the King's Pawn is undoubtedly the best man for first move, it is as well to have at command the *Queen's Pawn* openings. The following is the safest and most usually adopted:—

- | | |
|--------------|-----------|
| 1. P to Q4 | P to Q4 |
| 2. P to K3 | P to K3 |
| 3. P to QB4 | P to QB4 |
| 4. Kt to QB3 | Kt to QB3 |
| 5. Kt to B3 | Kt to B3 |
| 6. B to Q3 | B to Q3 |

Some variety is usually introduced here, though a man in favour of early castling will generally seize this opportunity of safeguarding the King.

The above are the most regular openings, but no list would be complete without the old-time *Scholar's Mate*, which, despite its fame, continues to be played successfully time after time. The recognised formula is the following, though the wiser man will generally disguise his intentions by a little variation, throwing out a Knight or sending out the Queen before the Bishop.

- | | |
|------------------|---|
| 1. P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2. B to B4 | B to B4 |
| 3. Q to R5 | P to Q3 (defending KP but neglecting KBP. The correct move would be Q to K2.) |
| 4. Q x BP (mate) | |

Though a most improbable happening, a mate in two moves is possible, as follows:—

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. P to KB3 | P to K4 |
| 2. P to KKt4 | Q to R5 (mate) |

But even the greenest novice would not open up such a road to his opponent's Queen.

To the reader who has played out the given moves on a board, the advantage of the first move must have made itself apparent. It should be remembered in practising that as often as not you will have to take second move, and it is, therefore, advisable to learn the standard replies.

THE SECOND MOVE.

The great thing is to meet force by force; either defend an attacked piece, or if this cannot be done without loss of position, make a counter-attack on an opposing piece which corresponds to the piece you do not see fit to defend at the moment. The man who loses the toss should try, by some means, to get into the commanding position—i.e., to be the man who governs the style of the game.

There is something to be said for bluff in chess, and a player will often pay more attention to an opponent's face than to the board.

Above all, it must be remembered that chess is no game of luck; it is skill, and skill alone, from beginning to end. And the successful opening means half the battle.

A. DONNELLY AITKEN.

A MAN'S WAY.

LIGHTING A PIPE (without a match).—Despairing gaze round room for match-box. A grab for a piece of paper. "Hang it! No paper! What can I use?" Feverish search in pockets. "Dear little Molly's letter? No! Pettigrew's invitation to dinner? No! The gov'nor's warning against dissipation and late hours? No-o. Scissors and Cutten's bill? Yes! (Tears it up, makes spill, and lights pipe ecstatically.)

CARVING FOWL AT BACHELOR DINNER.—A jab at bony breast with sharp knife, which slips. Damn! A prod with a fork. Fowl side-slips off the dish on to the floor. * * * * * Howls to the landlady for a saw. Saw produced and set in motion. Several of the teeth fall off. Saw thrown down in disgust. Chicken seized in brawny fist. "Here, all you chaps, catch hold of some part and pull!" (Success at last!)

A WALK DOWN REGENT STREET.—"Hallo, there's a pretty girl on the other side!" Walks on, craning head round. Violent collision with lamp-post.

BILLIARD-ROOM TYPES.

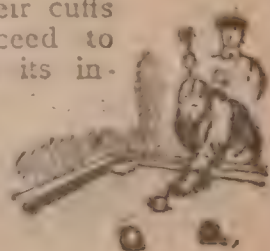
In every billiard-room you will find them, for they are eternal and never-changing.

There is the timid boy of seventeen or so, who sits in a corner, drinking a glass of beer or whisky that he doesn't want. Soon he catches the marker's eye, and, asked if he wants a game, assents rather with the air of a lamb going to the slaughter. He watches the marker reel up fifties and sixties until his pocket-money is gone; and he goes away.

Then there is the bluff, breezy old gentleman who reclines on the cushioned seats through long afternoons, explaining that the game is not what it was in his young days. In passing, we may remark that if you offer him refreshment he will not refuse it.

The anæmic-looking young man, with longish hair and cold hands, is there. He calls the marker by his Christian name. Beware of him. If the marker suggests that he "is about your form, sir," don't be taken in. That meek young gentleman is there on business, and, quietly, the marker has a share in it.

Every billiard-room has its patronage of duffers. They select cues with awful gravity, chalk them with careful deliberation, then take off their coats and turn back their cuffs magnificently. After this they proceed to play a game that is excruciating in its ineptitude.



"DASHER"

A SKETCH.

My friend "Dasher" is an engaging enigma. He is always cheery, always well-dressed, never short of a sovereign or two, and yet to the best of my belief—and I have known him long—it is many years since he had any regular income, or even bare means of subsistence.

True; from time to time "Dasher" blossoms forth into new business offices, and there, again, there is much that is puzzling.

An ordinary man taking offices in the City or elsewhere, has either to furnish gilt-edged references or pay a year's rent in advance, or both. "Dasher" has no references that would stand a moment's examination, and he certainly never pays any rent in advance. Indeed, to the best of my knowledge, he seldom demeans himself by paying rent at all.

LIVING RENT-FREE.

He somehow or other convinces the landlord or his agent, moves in, and in about three months, or whenever the landlord's patience is exhausted, unobtrusively moves out again.

It is the same with his private abode. Last year "Dasher" and his family lived in five different West-End flats, and to my certain knowledge he never paid a penny of rent in any one of them.

Now, if I attempted to take a West-End flat without letters of introduction from the Governor of the Bank of England, Sir Thomas Lipton, and a few more people like that, plus a deposit of a quarter of a million or so, I should be thrown into the street.

But "Dasher" beautifully top-hatted, frock-coated, and patent-booted, just sails in, talks to the agent for a moment or two, and then the latter falls on his neck and thrusts £500-a-year flats upon him.

HIS CALLERS.

On one occasion "Dasher" took a large furnished house. He lived in it rent free for a year, and then graciously accepted £20 from the landlord to get out.

As I have said, "Dasher" is seldom without a good business address and comfortable offices, but what business is done there is an impenetrable mystery.

"Dasher's" callers with few exceptions are "stonebroke" from the four corners of the earth, Micawbers with wild-cat schemes, duns, and cadgers of all sorts. They drink "Dasher's" whisky, smoke his cigars, borrow half-dollars, and "Dasher" waxes fat and cheery on it.

He always has some impossible scheme on hand, and he is aggravatingly acquiescent when its inherent and insuperable defects are pointed out to him.

The other day he came to me with a rubber proposition. At first sight there really seemed to be something in it, but, not understanding these things, I gave him an introduction to a business friend who deals in such concerns.

MILDLY INDIGNANT.

I heard nothing more for a week or two, when I met my business friend. I inquired whether "Dasher" had ever been to see him.

"Been to see me?" was the indignant response. "He sits in my office all day long, and I can't get rid of him! Confound the chap! He's the most aggravating man I ever met. Now, that rubber thing, that was all right, but I told him I could do nothing until he had put me in communication with the principal. He said he would have him on my door-mat at ten o'clock next morning. He didn't bring him, but he was always going to do so. After about a week I discovered that he didn't even know the principal, and that



there were about ten men between them all wanting a bit.

"I told him this sort of thing wouldn't do, and he quite agreed with me. Confound him! He always does agree with me when I show him what's wrong. Oh, he makes me so mad, but I can't help liking the chap! By the way, he wants to see you particularly."

HIS LATEST SCHEME.

I went and saw "Dasher," and found him surrounded by the usual crowd of whiskified parasites. He greeted me with open arms and took me aside. "You're the very man I want to see," he said. "I'm on the softest thing you ever heard. A sure £500 for us. Merely got to pick 'em up."

Knowing "Dasher," I was not unduly sanguine. "You know —," he said naming a well-known actress. I admitted that I had a slight acquaintance with the lady in question.

"Well," he continued, "she's carrying on with So-and-So, and her husband wants evidence for a divorce. All you have to do is to find out where they are stopping, conceal yourself in the room and surprise them, and it's five hundred merry golden goblins to split up between us. A cinch, isn't it?"

I didn't think.

GEORGE BROWNCIFFE.

RULES MADE TO BE BROKEN.

Thou shalt drop thy cigarette ash into the tray provided for the purpose.

Thou shalt always wear wool next the skin.

Thou shalt rise early and go early to bed.

When eating thou shalt count ten between each bite.

Thou shalt abjure the pleasures of the wine-cup.

Thou shalt not wager thy patrimony on the mettlesome steed.

MODERN MAXIMS OF FAMOUS MEN.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE: Never offend the office-boy. He may be one of the directors next week.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: Always talk through your hat. It is bound to get you well known.

MR. PLOWDEN: Jokes are greater than justice.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR?

Straight putts are more than Parliament And lengthy drives than Party pride.

SPORTSMEN I HAVE MET.

III.—LORD HAWKE.

Dr. Grace did much for English cricket but Martin Bladen Hawke, seventh Baron Hawke, has done infinitely more.

"W. G." was an individualist, Lord Hawke an altruist, subordinating self and everything to the good of his side.

There can be no more popular man to do in Yorkshire, yet there was a time when his appearance on the field was the signal for hoots and groans.

When the young Cantab took over the Yorkshire XI. Peel was in his zenith as a bowler. Peel was a little apt to presume on his position. He took a liberty, and Lord Hawke warned him that if he did it again he would have to go.

Peel laughed. What! Dismiss the mainstay of the side? He offended again and was promptly dropped. The Yorkshire crowd resented this, but Lord Hawke was not to be moved by threats, entreaties, or abuse. He refused to play Peel again. Remember he was only a young man, and Peel was the Yorkshire "idol."

There in a nutshell you have the character of Martin Hawke, a man's man, whom no consideration will turn from what he believes to be the right course.

He made Yorkshire cricket the power is by his unflagging enthusiasm, profound knowledge of the finer points of the game and inflexible determination to play and nothing but cricket.

He has been a great "missionary." You may think that Lord Hawke might have put his life to a higher use than cricket, but he forgets what he has done to weld the British Empire together. He has carried the game to all parts of our possessions, and he has with him a gospel of fair play and sportsmanship.

And that is no mean work. He has helped to knit the Colonies and our dusky subjects closer to ourselves.

In the West Indies the niggers still talk of the memorable day when "de Lord made a duck." In some parts of India he is venerated as a god. An aristocrat, he has done much for his humbler brethren.

His fatherly interest in the welfare of professionals is well known. He introduced the system of winter allowances and of taking for general good play, as opposed to performance money for batting or bowling performance.

He has seen to it that the proceeds of the benefits were safeguarded from waste. In every way he has improved the position of the cricket pro. and made him a better and more useful member of the community than he was.

Although unmarried, he is fond of teaching people, and is never so happy as when teaching the young idea to hold a straight bat.

He is, of course, a fine all-round sportsman, a good shot, and a keen student of natural history. So far as I know, he has never played golf, but if his retirement is final he may "descend" to it.

In an age when so many cricketers are given to writing about themselves, he has declined all temptations to turn journalist. Nevertheless it is to be hoped that he will write his reminiscences.

Up till 1894 he was a major in the Militia and camp was never dull when he was about.

As a bat he was decidedly attractive when at his best. He never let the ball hit his bat, and no man ever stood up more fearlessly to fast bowling.

He could field, too, and has been known to bowl.

Straight as a die, utterly unaffected, clean living, hard as nails, just and fair-minded, putting the "game" before everything. Lord Hawke stands for all that is best in British sportsmanship.

R. T. MASSINGER.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By E. HAMILTON EDDING.

TINKINSON

ENGAGED



The trouble arose because, firstly, Mr. Ernest Tinkinson had smiled at Her as he passed her one day in the Wandsworth Bridge Road; secondly, she had smiled at him; thirdly, they had spoken on a City ward 'bus one September morning. There is no need for me to set down the fourthly, which you can guess, nor the fifthly, which you can hazard—as Mr. Tinkinson did when he “popped the question.”

Your surmise is right and his effort was successful. Her answer was “Yes”—and he had to break it to his family. She had to act similarly in her case. . . . It had been a blissful evening for two such obscure mortals as a clerk in a dingy City office and a “young lady” in the “Mantles” of a shop in the Brompton Road.

Although their occupations lay so far apart they were next-door neighbours. Now you will see why I have started the relation of this little incident with the words “The trouble arose.”

It had been brewing ever since Ernest Tinkinson first mentioned the name of Elizabeth Bland, one evening at his six o'clock tea.

“Don't let it ever be said that a Tinkinson was ever mixed up with a Bland,” the matronly Mrs. Tinkinson had observed. “It's an 'ardship, Erny, to have to live on the same side o' the road as the Blands. They always was a bad lot, and I reckon Letitia (that's this Liz's mother) would find it a bit of a difficulty to produce 'er marriage now. Why old B. calls 'er pet names *now*—‘my peach’ and all that. It fair sickens you to ‘ear that from people supposed to ‘a been married this twenty-five year. As I allus ‘ear that sort o' be'aviour ain't no ‘usband's be'aviour. Now, did you ever ‘ear your poor father call me anything but by my proper name, without any of yer ‘darlin's’ an’ ‘sweets,’ and such sweet‘cartin’ talk? Be quiet Erny. You never did!”

Twenty-four years of his mother's rule had inculcated one lesson in young Mr. Tinkinson's head, and his father had learned it some time before him—that it never paid to argue with Mrs. Tinkinson. . . .

Therefore, when Ernest came home in the train he had decided that the only thing for him to do would be to finish his tea, wash, and just as he had got his stick and cap in his hand, say to his revered mother: “Mother, I asked Elizabeth Bland last night if she'd marry me. She said: ‘Yes, she would.’ I love her. Good-night-mother—don't wait-up-for-me!”

He knew he would have to say the last words quickly unless he wanted to miss his appointment at the corner near Walham Green Station with his betrothed. Then he could go off, he argued to himself, and leave his mother to get the first flush of her rage well over before he discussed the matter at any length.

Of course, he got no further than “Mother, I asked Elizabeth Bland—if she'd marry me—”

And then Mrs. Tinkinson started. Ernest listened and grew red, listened until Mrs. Tinkinson burst into tears and prophesied his ultimate end in “Newgate.”

“Ow that Mrs. Bland 'll overjoy 'erself,” she went on tearfully, “ow she'll triumph to think that that slip of a girl of 'ers as looked a Tinkinson. And here's your mother, who's 'ad words with 'er every Sunday mornin' this three year now, since what she said about the time I took a little drop o' stimulant, which Doctor Piper 'is very self said I needed. ‘It's a necessity to you, Mrs. Tinkinson, madam,’ ‘e says. ‘A necessity.’ . . . Called me a drunken old woman, she did, which I'd be ashamed to ‘ave such words

come out o' my mouth, I would—the snub-nosed, rat's-tail-'aired little cat!

“And 'ere's my own flesh an' blood risin' up agin me, sayin' to me ‘e's goin' to marry Liz Bland. Marry—take 'er to wife—forsake all and cleave unto—a Bland! Oh, Erny—a trouble you was to bring up—and the sleepless nights you give your poor father a-walkin' you up and down and to think you're wantin' after all these years o' my care and trouble to marry the daughter of Missis Bland—Missis Bland! . . . Erny, you *sha'n't*. There!”

Mrs. Tinkinson looked up from her seat by the kitchen table and gazed defiantly through the open window at its *vis-à-vis*, the kitchen window of the house of Bland, over the wall.

The son of the late Mr. Tinkinson arose bravely.

“Mother, I have been too long under your thumb,” he said, in tones redolent of the last drama he had seen at the adjacent blood-and-thunder theatre, “and now the time has come for me to act as a man. Mother, I love Elizabeth Bland. And your threats sha'n't deter me from my pur-r-rose. . . . I'm over twenty-one years of age and I can do as I like. I shall marry the girl!”

“Oh, will you!” said a totally new voice behind him. “Will you. Do you think any daughter o' mine should give 'erself in 'oly matrimony to a Tinkinson?”

From a point of vantage on an upturned washing-tub on the other side of the dividing wall, Mrs. Bland had at last elected to take part in a discussion to which she had been listening from the opening sentences thereof, her face growing ever redder, either as a consequence of her stooping position in ambush or by reason of the reflections on her character.

“And I'll 'ave you to know Missis Tinkinson,” the lady continued, “that it ain't wise to measure *my* corn by your bushel. Liz! Bring me the little draw out o' the sewing machine. . . . 'Ere's my marriage lines, Missis Bland, which if your eyes ain't runnin' with—stimulants—you may be able to read if you ever 'ad any education—which I doubt very much.”

“Ow dare you stand there and look over *my* wall, Missis Bland.”

“It's as much *my* wall as yours, I 'spose Missis Tinkinson, and I pay my rent regular, I do. Liz. Look in the vase on the mantelpiece and bring—”

“I don't want to see your rent books nor yet your other bits o' paper; Missis Bland,” observed Mrs. Tinkinson contemptuously, flinging open her backdoor. “And as for my

son, Erny—Erny, where are you? Are you goin' to set off when your mother wot 'as fed and clothed you an' denied 'erself of every little luxury for you all these

years is bein' outraged by a Person over the wall?”

Mr. Ernest Tinkinson, who had made a retrograde movement towards the hall, reappeared sheepishly.

“I don't hold with this blitherin', mother,” he said, with tremulous dignity. “I haven't any quarrel with Mrs. Bland, nor do I seek one.”

“You see! You see!” said the mother of the invisible Elizabeth. “'E's got more respect in 'im. 'E remembers that it was me as saved 'is little life when 'e 'ad the convulsions. Yes, you *may* stand there and look in a temper with me, Mrs. Tinkinson, but you know as well as I do that if it 'adn't been for me 'e wouldn't be 'ere to be a comfort in your old age now. Well, I remember the poor little mite (for that's all you was then, Erny, never bein' a fine child like my Liz) goin' black and blue. ‘Put 'im in a hot bath, Mrs. Tinkinson,’ I said, an' I gave you the 'ot water—”

“I must say for you that you was always a good one with children, Mrs. Bland,” said Mrs. Tinkinson, stiffly.

“Which,” she added as an afterthought; “you ought to be seein' as you 'ave 'ad ten of 'em—”

“And every one of 'em married in good positions, or in work,” said the mother of ten with pardonable pride.

“And *that* isn't to be wondered at seein' as they was all girls, and all ready to fling themselves at the 'eads of anythin' in trousers wot come along—like your Liz.” Mrs. Tinkinson was calming slightly.

It was growing rapidly darker, but Mrs. Tinkinson instinctively felt the smile that was behind the hastily raised hand of her son—who was cursed with that handicap to a serious life, a sense of humour.

“Well, I can't stand 'ere and catch cold talkin' to you, Mrs. T.,” said the lady over the wall. “But you can rest assured that I've forbidden my Liz to as much as speak to your Erny again—not that 'e's a bad sort o' young feller, but it's 'is antycedents. Tha's what it is that I object to.”

“I'm sure Liz ain't got no fault to find with 'er antecedents,” said Mrs. Tinkinson with deep sarcasm and some uncertainty as to the last word.

“No, she hain't. You allus did say, Mrs. Tinkinson (that was when you be'aved as a lady should) that she took after *me*!”

With these final words of triumph Mrs. Bland slammed the door.

Feeling somewhat vanquished, Mrs. Tinkinson walked sorrowfully through her darkened “hall,” seeking her son that she might inform him in tones of great resignation that she was sure that Mrs. Bland would be the death of her at some not far distant date.

The door of the hall she found was ajar, and before shutting it she took a breath of the air of the street.

In the square yard or two of dank “garden” outside she saw two figures talking over the railings, and those figures were as close as the wooden fencing would allow them to be. . . .

“I don't care what they say, Liz, do you?” said young Mr. Tinkinson, appealingly.

“No, dear, no!” came the answer in soft tones—just as Mrs. Bland, calling out “Liz!” opened her door.

With as much dignity as Mrs. Tinkinson could so suddenly summon she surveyed the two.

“It's the worst,” she said resignedly, “of these low palings. Ain't it, Letitia?”



PIKE TACKLE.

HINTS ON BAITING AND LANDING.

Pike fishing is inexpensive, it does not call for the highest refinements of the angler's art, and it is also rather exciting, more especially when you try to disgorge a pike with your fingers, an experiment you are not likely to repeat twice. This reminds me that, among other accessories, you want a wire gag to hold the pike's mouth open, and a proper disgorging, preferably weighted at one end so that you can use it as a bludgeon to kill the fish.

If you can afford it, it is as well to have a regular pike rod, but if not you can make shift with a "general" or heavy trout rod.

Special tackle, however, you must have. You want a pretty stout line, and, of course, ordinary gut is no use for the hooks and traces. Gimp, a combination of silk and wire, is much used for flights and traces, but I much prefer well-tempered steel wire.

It is not nearly so visible as gimp and is more trustworthy. True it has a tendency to kink and rust, but it is cheap and a kinked trace can easily be replaced, while rust can be prevented by the use of vaseline. Twisted wire is better than single wire for attaching to flights of hooks. Wire traces should have a swivel at each end.

Pike are taken by spinning, live-baiting, or trolling.

For a spinning flight of hooks you can hardly improve on the large Thames pattern.

There are all kinds of artificial baits for spinning, but none is really better than the old-fashioned spoon bait, copper on one side, silver on the other, about three inches long. A red-sided spoon, however, is often useful, while Devons, phantoms, and wagtails are handy from time to time.

Live baiting is practised either with paternoster or float. The paternoster is the same as for perch, only bigger and stronger. The trace for paternostering may be made of strong single gut.

For float fishing, on the other hand, single or twisted wire is better than gut. Suitable tackle for float fishing consists of two triangles each with the third point bent specially to hold the bait.

The upper triangle is adjustable, the third point being inserted under the back fin of the bait, the third point of the lower triangle goes either under the pectoral fin or in the corner of the gill cover.

As regards bait, a four-inch dace is suitable for small pike, but where there is a chance of a whopper you want an eight- or nine-inch dace.

Floats are often too large. When baiting with gudgeon or small dace a float the size of a plover's egg is quite big enough.

You also need one or two "pilot floats," round, cork beads, strung on the line above the main float. Their use is to keep the line above the main float from sinking, when you have a long line out.

In trolling, a dead gudgeon or dace is used for the bait. The bait is weighted inside with lead so disposed that the fish always shoots down to the bottom head foremost, when it is drawn up just before it touches bottom to about a foot from the surface. The bait has a triangle or two outside and a lip hook fastened through the tail.

The gag and the disgorging have already been mentioned, and now you need either a big net or a gaff. The advantage of a net is that you can return under-sized fish without injuring them.

If you use a net don't attempt to lift the fish out when you have got him in it, but draw net and fish out. Lifting will often lead to the collapse of the net-rim.

Gaffing should be done with a firm, easy stroke. Just behind the shoulder is a good place.

L. T. GREENOCK.

THE
UNIFORM.

The writer of it has contributed several times to this paper, but he requests that I shall suppress his name on this occasion, and, of course, I accede to his wishes.

I print his article because it is, in my opinion, excellent in a literary way, but nevertheless I feel a little sore about it, because his joining the Territorial Force was to some extent due to my own powers of persuasion. I am sorry to learn that he has resigned, but, as everyone knows, it takes all sorts of people to make a world, and I can quite well imagine that there are some men to whom military work does not appeal so strongly as to others.

In his article he brings out in a striking manner his affection for the uniform, and his reluctance to bid it farewell.

I think that most of us who are Territorials will confess to the fact that we have something of a similar liking for His Majesty's clothes. Personally, I do not mind admitting that I feel twice as much of a man when in uniform as I do when in civilian clothes.

The magic of the uniform is a thing that would require a more skilful pen than mine to analyse, but its fascination exists, not only in the imagination of those who have the right to wear it, but also in the opinion of those who see them in it.

AN OLD
LADY'S
LETTER.

You will remember that a short time ago, I reproduced a photograph of myself in uniform.

A dear old lady, whom I have never met, but who has taken the greatest interest in this paper, sent me a letter which began as follows:

"My Dear Boy,—I was very much delighted to see the photograph of yourself as a soldier. You know how all women love a uniform, and I believe that men love it too." I think she was right.

AN EPISODE.

I remember one evening, when going to drill, I had to pass a hospital for consumptives.

I glanced through the iron railings and saw three girls walking arm-in-arm. Obviously they were patients of the hospital, and I should imagine that none of the three had very long to live. It was tragic, for all were young.

One of them raised her hand, and waved it coquettishly at me, simply because I happened to be in uniform. I admired her pluck, and I daresay she did it in order to make a bit of fun and to cheer up her two companions. I do not mind confessing that I smiled in my best manner in reply.

These consumptive girls felt the fascination of the uniform; I felt it, too, and I always feel it.

STILL MORE
CLUBS.

Some time ago I printed a letter from Mr. A. R. Cooke, of Nottingham, inviting readers in that city to join him in forming a local MODERN MAN club. Owing to the fact that he has now joined the Army, he is unable to carry the matter further, and the work of organisation is being carried through by Mr. C. L. Horner, 17, Johnson Road, Lenton, Nottingham. All Nottingham readers should communicate with him without delay, whether they are League members or not.

Colne and District readers should write to Mr. W. Malkin, 14, Oak Street, Colne. He is honorary secretary of the Colne and District Amateur Football League, and is now organising a MODERN MAN club for his district.

MY NOTEBOOK.

Readers in the now united towns of Hanley, Stoke, Fenton, Burslem, Lichfield, and Tunstall, are invited to communicate with Mr. J. F. Jones, 69, Westfield, Bethesda Street, Hanley, who is organising a MODERN MAN club for the district.

It is scarcely necessary for me to point out the many advantages to our sporting clubs which such clubs have to offer.

I most strongly recommend every one of these places to communicate at once with gentlemen who are organising the clubs.

I also look to other cities and towns to follow these excellent examples.

HOW DARE
THEY?

A new evening paper produced in London. It is called the "Evening Times."

It has long been a source of wonder that London, with its seven million population, should have only two halfpenny evening papers, and I was very glad to hear that there was a likelihood of a third being produced.

I have watched the fortunes of the "Evening Times" practically since the conception of the idea of it, and long the public knew that such a paper was contemplated.

I have, as I have already admitted, my own methods of learning fairly accurately what goes on in other publishing houses. I happen to know that when the news was brought to a certain great man in Fleet Street that a new halfpenny evening paper was being published, he said: "How dare they! For every pound they spend, we spend two!"

GOOD
WISHES.

From the time when the man's commentary upon the proposed enterprise was reported to me, I became intensely interested in the fate of the "Evening Times," for in the days of THE MODERN MAN I came across similar opposition.

The chief proprietors of the large trusts which at present control the British newspapers, are indignant when a new paper is produced. The chiefs are indignant because they know that the new production may become a dangerous rival, their subordinates are, as a rule, supercilious, because they think that no paper except those issued by the trusts has the remotest chance of surviving.

Every paper at present in existence is new at one time or another, and I am sure that in every case there was the same doubt as to its likelihood of attaining to the same sort of jealousy regarding its responsible for its production.

Sometimes I almost wish that Mr. Richard had set his famous character, Richard in the world of journalism, instead of business of chain-making, for in the naturalism of the present time—at least in the higher branches—there is scope for the sharpest wits and of the most developed diplomacy.

That by the way.

I take this opportunity of welcoming the journalistic field the "Evening Times" and I welcome it the more heartily because I do not know any person in any way connected with it.

I welcome it because it appears to be a promising competitor with the trusts, and I hope that it will be able to weather their position as successfully as, with the assistance of my readers, I have done.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

VEGETARIANS.

Vegetarians are cranks.

If this is not the case then they are men who can see no further than their noses.

That a fruit and nut diet has its benefits, I should be the last to deny, for fruit contains salts which are greatly useful in the building up of muscle, of bone, and of blood-cells.

Again, the action of the sun brings the starch of fresh fruits to a state ready for assimilation.

But it is a striking fact that no vegetable substance has yet been discovered whereby a young mammal may be reared. Man is, of course, included.

I cannot believe that there exist any *strict* vegetarians—i.e., people who exclude from their menu such necessities as milk and eggs with butter, cheese, and other animal products, and subsist entirely upon vegetable foods. It was never intended by Nature that the body should be wholly nourished by one particular kind of food, which would necessitate an abnormal use of one class of digestive juice, leaving others in disuse.

I do not for a moment deplore the custom of reducing the quantity of meat, increasing proportionately the amount of fruit, nuts, or vegetables taken, for with some men constant overdoses of meat may prove harmful.

By all means take as much vegetable matter as you care to eat, but do not, just because you are told that to be a vegetarian means good health, long life, and so on, abstain from a fair amount of meat.

AN ALL-ROUND EXERCISE.

Commence this exercise by a simple sitting position, the arms being stretched out to their fullest extent behind and the hands resting flat upon the floor.

Raise the right knee until the right foot, moving along the floor, reaches a point directly at the side of the left knee.

Now raise the body to the position illustrated, at the same time placing the left foot upon the right knee.

Repeat the exercise, bending the left leg instead of the right.

This comprises one of the best all-round

exercises I have given for some considerable time, and, if taken steadily, the benefit should soon begin to be felt.

The muscles, large and small, of both legs are strengthened, and the powers of both arms and wrists are taxed.

In the first two movements the chin must be pressed well back, but in the third (illustrated) position; it is thrust well upwards.

Note the angle of the foot resting upon the knee.



SOME WORDS ABOUT SPITTING.

I trust readers of THE MODERN MAN will forgive my dwelling on this unpleasant topic, for to them any remarks concerning the objectionable habit are needless. But it is impossible to give too much publicity to facts which, if better known, would undoubtedly tend to reduce the number of our consumption cases.

In every railway-train, tramcar and omnibus we are confronted with notices asking or telling us to refrain from spitting and mentioning penalties to which the delinquent is liable.

It would be a good thing if the full rigour of the law were used in this matter, for it is seldom that one hears of a man's being hauled over the coals for indulging in this vile habit.

Such notices and penalties, however, should not be required. One might just as well erect hoardings warning people against using filthy language or indulging in even more objectionable practices.

Yet at every street corner, in every public house and in all conveyances, we come in contact with creatures who expectorate without the slightest compunction all over the place.

Some of these creatures, too, have spittoons in their own houses, striking proof of their dire ignorance in this vital matter.

By examination, the sputum of consumptives has been found to contain bacilli. This dries and, being extremely light, the bacilli are tossed on the wind until carried into some other person's lungs.

It is an unfortunate fact that smoking will often cause a man to spit about the place, and this is the greatest argument the anti-smoker can produce.

MASSAGE FOR THE CHEST.

With the hand placed in the position illustrated, massage the large pectoral muscles by means of a circular movement of both hand and wrist.

When the right hand is used upon the left breast, start off with a motion towards the left shoulder and proceed with a circular movement.

Treat the right side of the chest in a similar fashion, using the left hand, and commencing with an upward movement towards the right shoulder.

Throughout the exercise, the fingers of the acting hand should perform a pinching or gripping action.

As always in massage, the movements towards the heart should be more forcible than those away from it.



Use a circular motion.

FRESH AIR.

I am not a fresh-air fiend, but there are one or two points in connection with this subject that one cannot afford to neglect.

Always keep the window open whilst performing physical exercises. The importance of this in breathing exercises is obvious, but

the importance of fresh air in other series cannot be over-estimated.

Never sleep in a room with closed door and shut window. Have the door closed if you like, but, unless you wish to rise sluggishly, have at least six inches of space between the top of the window and the frame.

When travelling in a railway train, endeavour to get a corner seat where the window may be kept open. If you sit with your back to the engine, there can be no possibility of suffering from the ill-effects of draughts.



HOME TRAINING FOR SPORTS.

Home Training is a most important aid in preparing the muscles for exertion in any sport or pastime, and maintaining condition when participation in your favourite sport is temporarily impossible. All our leading athletes use special exercises for keeping fit when not working.

MY SYSTEM

has been the means of preparing many well-known athletes for successes in their particular line. One of my pupils—Mr. E. PAYNE, N.C.U. Champion, writes as follows:—

"I have just won the Quarter-mile and One Mile N.C.U. Championships, and must thank you for the benefit derived from your splendid system of Home Training. It gave me stamina power and enduring strength, increased lung power, general fitness, and immunity from fatigue. It is a safeguard against overstrain, gives full muscular control, and is a distinct aid to all outdoor sportsmen. I cannot too strongly recommend all would-be champion athletes to place themselves under you. I am specially pleased with the Gold Medal which you have forwarded me."

The reason I am so successful in this branch of Physical Culture (training for sports) is INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION to all cases. I have been specially successful in preparing pupils for Boxing, both as a means of self-defence and as a contest in the ring. Condition and perfection of physique mean everything, and these I offer YOU.

Physical defects and troublesome complaints eradicated UNDER GUARANTEE. If interested, send me a Postcard, and I will mail Gratis my book, "HEALTH AT HOME," with terms for my course and full particulars.

Confidently recommended by Editors of all Physical Culture Magazines, and by C. B. FRY, England's Premier Athlete, who says: "You may try Inch's System with confidence."

THOMAS INCH,

Physical Culture Expert (Dept. M.M.), Munster House, FULHAM ROAD, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.

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RUNNING IN WINTER

SOME PRECAUTIONS THAT SHOULD BE OBSERVED.

Whereas summer is a particularly well-favoured season in the matter of sport, it would be useless to deny that winter labours, in that respect, under considerable disadvantages.

In summer the cyclist, the cricketer, the rowing-man and the runner can afford in a measure to take risks with their constitutions; but in the season of biting winds and sudden changes of temperature after sunset, the athlete—and especially the running man—has to be very careful lest he become suddenly knocked up.

WHERE TIME COUNTS.

By far the greatest percentage of winter sportsmen are votaries of football; but from the health point of view this has been so extensively dealt with in books and articles, that hardly anybody is unaware of the precautions he should take. But on the other hand running, which, perhaps, claims the next greatest number of adherents, is often taken up in a very happy-go-lucky spirit as far as health is concerned.

There are thousands of men throughout the country whose hours of work prevent their being relied upon to play football for a team with any regularity; so that they fall back on running—either with a harriers' club, or simply with a friend.

In a very large number of cases such men will go out for terribly fatiguing runs without a day's preparation. And most of those



who do prepare, set about it in the wrong and sometimes harmful way.

WALK.

Practically all athletic trainers are unanimous that the only satisfactory way of getting into condition for long-distance running is to walk.

Supposing that you intend joining a team of harriers, and going out for your first spin a fortnight from now. You have not too much time in which to get fit.

Start on a four or five mile walk as

fast as you can go, and take as long strides as you can manage. At the end of that distance stop if you feel tired, but if you can manage to stroll a mile or two more, so much the better.

Next day run six hundred yards or so. You will probably find your calves very stiff, but you should regard this as a good sign. It shows that you have been using the muscles properly. Until a day or so before your run with the club, keep up a system of five-mile walks and shorter runs on alternate days—gradually increasing the runs, by the way, until you reach a maximum of five miles.

Now we get to the day of your cross-country run. First of all, don't forget to have your overcoat awaiting you at the place where you will actually stop running. Some men even carry a light overcoat or sweater on early runs of the season, in case they should crock up and have to walk home. It is when the body is absolutely exhausted that a chill is liable to involve dangerous complications.

A THIRST TIP.

Here is a hint given to the writer by an old harrier. If you feel thirsty in the course of your run, do not stop at the next inn for a glass of beer or lemonade. It will only spoil your performance. Try a turnip from the next field. The delights of the juicy pulp of a turnip, broken in half, can only be appreciated to the full by a thirsty runner.

If you get wet run home like steam, or as nearly like it as you can manage, so as not to catch cold. When you get there have a good rub-down and a stiff glass of hot brandy-and-water.

Finally, you will be well-advised not to eat much before you run, but to choose some food that will both warm and sustain you. A chop and some greens (no potatoes) would be excellent. And give yourself good time to digest before starting. G. MILLWOOD.

NERVES CURED

By the Lecithin Treatment.

IMMEDIATE RESULTS PRODUCED BY USING
FREE TRIAL SAMPLE.

We offer you to-day—FREE—the means to get back lost nerve power and energy—to test at our expense the only food that will build up and vitalise the nerves and brain.

This wonderful preparation, based on a remarkable discovery made by a famous savant, Dr. Hartmann, and named by him "ANTINEURASTHIN," has proved its worth in thousands of cases and is daily helping those who are nervous and despondent to once again gain perfect health.

Lack of nerve power and a weakened nerve system are responsible for most of the ills that harass the city dweller in this age of bustle and rush—nerves, exhaustion, languor, depression, hysteria, neuralgia, melancholia, moodiness, insomnia, failure of the memory—are but a few of the many ailments originating from a weakened nervous state, and just as a starved body must be fed, so must a starved nervous system. The nerve cells, if they are to regain their rightful strength, must be supplied with their natural food. To stimulate them to further action without supplying them with this natural food is obviously to create greater and more lasting nerve trouble.

Tested and tried in the severest cases—of an in so-called "debilitated cases"—the world over, it has proved its value in every case, and it is warmly endorsed by well-known medical men, who know from experience it is just what it claims to be, a FOOD for the nerves—a food immediately assimilated, and therefore immediate in its results.

"ANTINEURASTHIN" is a food for the nerves alone. It does not satisfy the appetite, but, by toning up the nervous system and increasing the vitality of the user, makes the appetite more acute and digestion easier.

It may, therefore, be taken before meals with highly beneficial results. It has long been known to students of medical science that drugs and stimulants taken as a remedy for nervous disorders produce only temporary effects, followed by a reaction so violent that the patient, instead of being benefited, is positively worse for their use. "ANTI-

NEURASTHIN" is a food—and a food alone. It contains neither stimulant nor sedative, but is entirely natural—composed solely of organic materials, identical with those found in the nerve substance itself. "ANTINEURASTHIN" treatment is, therefore, not only absolutely natural, but brings permanent and not temporary relief.

LOCOMOTOR ATAXY CURED.

Perhaps the most startling proof of its efficiency is the fact that locomotor ataxy, the worst nerve disease known, and hitherto considered incurable, yields to the "ANTINEURASTHIN" treatment. It is not, however, only in the case of a severe disease that "ANTINEURASTHIN" proves beneficial. It is perfectly harmless, cannot produce bad results or reaction in any form, and can, therefore, be taken with perfect safety by anyone at any time.

If you suffer from melancholia, insomnia, nervous exhaustion in either their milder or severer forms, you can be sure that your complaint will disappear just as soon as you use "ANTINEURASTHIN," which will supply the necessary nourishment to your nerves.

"ANTINEURASTHIN" contains nearly 10 p.c. of Lecithin, which is now recognised as the one nerve-feeding element in food, but unfortunately the food we take does not contain enough Lecithin to immediately feed the nerves—for Lecithin itself, in its free state, cannot be digested except in the most minute quantities. "ANTINEURASTHIN" is the only preparation which contains a high percentage of Lecithin in the form in which the body can take it up, and is, consequently, not only a nerve food and natural tonic, but the most beneficial antidote against nervous disease and fatigue ever discovered. Its use will make your nerves strong and healthy, and, because healthy nerves make a healthy body, will help to make you stronger in every way.

Every day is a dull day to the man or woman whose nervous system is out of order.

STRENGTHEN THE BRAIN.

It is the brain worker who will appreciate to the full the immediate benefits that the use of "ANTINEURASTHIN" will bring. Brain workers know the sympathy that exists between brain and nervous system—that exhaustion of the one means exhaustion of the other. The business man, student, or litterateur, who depends on the quick action of the brain to get through his daily work speedily and well, will find "ANTINEURASTHIN" recharges the brain with the food substance necessary to its health. Its use removes at once all sense of weariness and "run-down" feeling, and brings back the old-time mental freshness and vitality.

Nor are its effects merely temporary—athletes testify to the lasting invigoration and the immediate increase of staying power produced by its use.

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY.

Arrangements have been made whereby every reader of this paper may obtain a generous trial supply of "ANTINEURASTHIN" free. Along with this will be sent a copy of a valuable scientific booklet, dealing with Nervous Disorders and their rational cure. If you feel that your nervous system is not normal and healthy at present, you are strongly advised to give this wonderful Nerve-Food a trial. Write us now for a free trial supply; the immediate results will astonish you.

Address your application for the free trial outfit (enclosing two penny stamps, cost of postage alone) to the Lecithin Ltd., 125, Eldon Buildings, Eldon Street, E.C.

"ANTINEURASTHIN" can be obtained at all Boots' Branches, Army and Navy Stores, Harrods, Junior Army and Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Whiteley's, Heppells', and at all good Chemists and Stores.

Keeping a Horse in Condition.

THE MOST IMPORTANT POINTS TO LOOK TO.

A horse wants about as much looking after as a baby, if you are going to make the most of it.

It is greatly a matter of common sense, and a little thought at the right moment will often save a lot of trouble and some big vet.'s bills later. I do not propose to deal with the treatment of any but the minor ailments that horseflesh is heir to, for the cure of the more serious ones is a matter for the vet. or the horse-owner.

The keeping of a horse in condition, however, is a question of interest to many who come into contact with horses either in military or civilian life.

FEEDING.

Proper feeding, cleanliness, grooming, reasonable working, and proper harnessing—these are things that count for more than any amount of drugs and dosing.

With regard to feeding, regularity is, of course, essential as with human beings. It is a great mistake to work a horse up to the fatigue point and then give it a big feed. The usual number of meals each day is three, but if the horse is being hard-worked these may well be replaced by four or five smaller ones, so that the animal may not gorge itself with a view to the long interval before the next meal.

Sudden changes of food will have a very bad effect—for instance, from grass or clover to hay or chaff, or *vice versa*.

If possible, it is always advisable to keep some fresh water within reach of the horse when in the stable, but if this cannot be done the horse must be watered at every meal, especially if he is being fed on dry food. If the former plan can be adopted, however, the horse will drink less on an average and be the better for it.

WHEN A HORSE SHOULD DRINK.

The Army custom is to water a horse before feeding and this is undoubtedly better than the habit adopted by many civilians of watering afterwards, for the undigested food is washed out of the stomach too soon.

Never let a horse drink much when he is tired or heated, or when he has been feeding on grass.

Bad ventilation in the stable and bad drainage are often the cause of a horse going off colour, and they should be set right at once. A horse is much more likely to keep fit in a cold stable that is full of fresh air than in one that is hot and stuffy. A lime wash, preferably of a blue tint, on the walls will help to keep the stable fresh and clean.

Grooming is really a fine art, and the groom's profession is one that demands far more skill and knowledge than many of its representatives possess.

GROOMING.

The object of grooming is not only to improve the appearance of the horse or even to keep him clean, but also to keep him in condition. It is really a form of massage, and a wisp of straw is often as efficacious as a brush.

The horse that is not doing much work requires far more attention than one that is working regularly. His skin is much more likely to accumulate scurf and grease and dirt.

If you want to bring a horse up to show form, therefore, extra grooming and careful grooming is the first essential.

A working horse lives entirely under artificial conditions. It is given more food than it would normally require and this is converted into the energy required for its



work, which involves far more exercise than any horse would naturally take.

Under these conditions it is natural that the skin also should have to get rid of a greater amount of impurities, and therefore its action requires to be aided by the artificial process of grooming.

ARMY METHODS.

The exact method of grooming differs in every stable, but the Army method is hard to beat for keeping a horse in condition. The implements used are a bristle body-brush, a dandy-brush and a curry-comb. The latter is only used to clean the body-brush and is never used on the skin, although in many civilian stables the horse is groomed with it, the dandy-brush being the only other implement used. This is made of fibre and is excellent as regards the removal of dirt, but has not the same effect on the skin as the stiffer body-brush.

Among the other details of a grooming kit that no stable should be without, are a mane comb, a sweat-scraper—a long flexible blade of smooth metal with which the lather of a sweating horse is removed—a rubber to give a final polish to his coat, and sponges for the eyes, nostrils, lips and dock.

Two sponges should be kept for each horse—one for the head and one for the dock, as

this is one of the commonest ways in which infection is spread. It is really preferable to use rubbers instead of sponges, as they can be boiled and so disinfected.

For turning out a horse with a wisp there is nothing like "wiping."

The making of a wisp from a rope of straw requires a good deal of practice. A little practical tuition from an expert, when finished it should make a pad about a foot long and two or three inches thick. It can also be made of hay, but not so well.

USING THE WISP.

The wisp is brought down with a firm stroke the skin, in the direction of the hair, and this process is repeated all over the horse.

This stimulates the skin generally, brings plenty of blood into it, produces a vigorous circulation. Also it has a beneficial effect on the oil glands of the hair, increases their output and giving a glossiness to the coat that cannot otherwise be attained.

Hand-rubbing is another useful form of massage which will remove loose hairs and keep the skin in condition. The hand is slapped down one after the other and moved over the skin with firm pressure. The horse should be slightly damp in order to bring away the loose hairs properly.

Another detail which should not be neglected is "stripping" the ears—pulling gently through the hand from base to tip.

In the Army a man is strictly forbidden to use water for anything except to wash the eyes, nostrils and dock, and this ought to be made a rule in every stable. Many groomers have a fondness for using water which is injurious to the animal.

The mane and tail, however, may be occasionally washed with soap and water, if dried afterwards.

RATIONS.

An Army horse is given a bran mangel a week, and this acts as a purgative. Bran, on the other hand, is an astringent.

The amount of food given must be adjusted to the size of the horse and the work he does. The Army ration is 12lbs. of hay, 1 lb. of oats and 8lbs. of straw each day, but is increased for large draught horses doing heavy work.

Always mix a little chaff with the oats to ensure that they are not bolted whole and that they are properly digested. A better plan, if it can be done, is to crush the grain before giving it to the horse.

JOHN G. GAVIN.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the league badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

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The book contains many illustrations showing how the nasal air-passages are affected in Catarrh, Adenoids, and Nose-Breathing Difficulties.

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result of a fruitless quest for relief and cure—were led to experiment along the line of "the First Cause"—the nose and its respiratory functions.

The layman it was who made the first enlightening discovery. Being a singer, he discovered HOW the nose could be freed.

Lennox Browne, F.R.S.E., Senior Surgeon to the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, etc., says:—

"Opinion is each day becoming more indisputable that in the condition of the nasal fossæ, which constitute the first avenues of the natural breathway, is to be found the key to the right understanding and successful treatment of the majority of faucial, pharyngeal, and laryngeal diseases."

Upon this first step discovery has been built an anatomical-physiological cure, the details of which are given fully (and illustrated) in the book which can be obtained by sending a penny stamp for its postage, or by calling.

CONTENTS OF FREE BOOK:

- How the Cure was Discovered.
- Why Snuffs and Sprays can do No Good.
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- Special Advice and Warning.
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- A Most Remarkable Test (11 us.)
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- Illustrations of Examples of Nasal Obstruction and Inefficiency.
- What Catarrh Leads to.
- The Physiological Process of Cure.
- Illustration of Why Sprays Cannot Cure Catarrh.
- How to Cure Catarrh and Nose-Breathing Difficulties.
- The Nose and Catarrh.
- The Ears and Catarrh.
- The Throat and Catarrh.
- The Mouth and Catarrh.
- The Lungs and Catarrh.
- How to Cure Snoring.
- Colds in the Head and Eyes.
- Voice Troubles.

immediately the method of cure described by the book is applied, there is striking evidence of its curative powers. It is, as one man put it, like coming into the fresh air out of a stiflingly close atmosphere.

The new cure quickly relieves, and in Nature's good time cures, because it increases the individual's air supply. First, it reopens and expands the partly-closed air passages and cavities. Thus it prepares the way for the intake of the larger supply of air absolutely necessary to Catarrh freedom. Thus your breathing function is perfected; thus, too, does the 10 to 40 per cent. enlarged air capacity of your body insure the elimination of the catarrhal secretions. Thus, too, by the reopening of the air passages are unnatural growths made to disappear.

And it is this greatly increased inflow of fresh and properly filtered, warmed, and moistened air that is so powerful to cure Catarrh, Adenoids, and other Nose Breathing Difficulties. Inflowing with all the 15lb to the square-inch pressure of the outside atmosphere, the closed-in—because more or less disused—nasal air passages and cavities expand to their natural size and air-supplying capacity. The fresh air is in itself powerfully Anti-Catarrhal in effect.

Undoubtedly, a most powerful factor in

the success of the new cure is the fact that it may be employed during the whole of the night without discomfort or any inconvenience. This all-night period of treatment contrasts strongly with the mere two or three minutes of treatment with the now obsolete spraying methods.

The success of the new treatment is immediately obvious to all who try it.

In one night the Nose, Ears, Tongue, and Throat give every evidence of the good work of the cure.

In one week the nose and mouth both cease to discharge catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes, and ears feel clear, the mouth showing Catarrh Centres of and throat clean and sweet, and the taste and smell become as keen as ever.

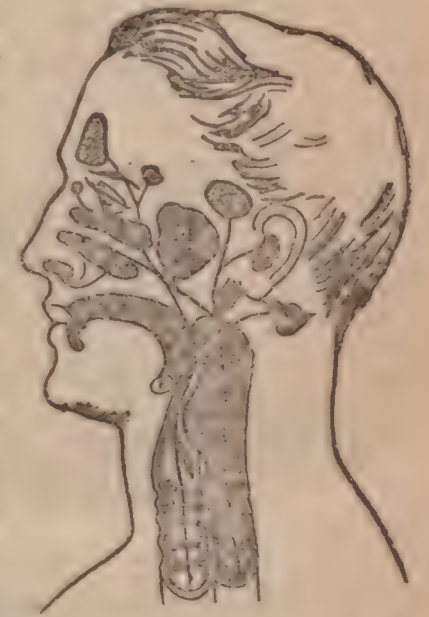


Illustration from Free Book showing Catarrh Centres of Head.

The book explanatory of the new cure contains some most remarkable illustrations, which help to make strikingly clear the common-sense principle upon which the new cure is founded, and which cure, be it noted, is by all who have looked into the matter expected to vastly decrease the number of painful and costly operations hitherto considered to afford the only chance of cure of nasal obstructions and inflamed membrane.

In the book is explained how to stop:—

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- NOSE STUFFINESS
- THROAT DRYNESS
- LOSS OF SMELL
- SPITTING OF THICK PHLEGM
- DISCHARGE FROM NOSE
- LOSS OF TASTE, OR OFFENSIVE TASTE IN MOUTH
- CATARRHAL (Coated) TONGUE
- CATARRHAL DEAFNESS
- GURGLING IN EARS
- SNAPPING NOISE IN EARS
- BAD BREATH
- VOICE TROUBLES
- PHYSICAL AND MENTAL DULLNESS ARISING FROM RESPIRATORY INEFFICIENCY

The aim of the compilers of the book has been to thoroughly inform sufferers as to the cause and method of cure of their complaint. All who study the book will readily agree with this. As will be seen in the book, the method of the new cure is as delightfully simple as it is effective in its results.

An edition of 100,000 copies of the book has been published for free distribution, and all who wish to quickly cure Catarrh, Adenoids, or other Nose Breathing Trouble should send (or call) for a copy. A penny stamp should be sent to defray postage. The address from which the free copies of the book may be obtained is—

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Business is Business

INFLUENCE.

Scarcely a day passes on which I do not receive either an application for a situation in which the applicant seems to rely principally upon a letter of introduction from some more or less influential person, or else a request that I will give a letter of recommendation to some business acquaintance.

The old idea that any-thing can be done by influence dies hard, but you will rarely find a successful man who has relied to any extent upon it. He usually too much self-respect to attempt to stand or fall on his own

influence may, and still does, count for something in the case of certain public appointments and Government posts, but there is no room for influence in the private sphere.

Some big employers, especially those who no longer take a very active interest in the conduct of their businesses, do from time to time find billets in their offices for the sons of friends and others who may have some claim upon them, but the result is almost always a failure, both from the point of view of the business and of the newly-appointed employee.

He comes under the sway of managers who have not themselves given him the job, and who dare not sack him. Worst of all, he knows that he knows they dare not sack him.

It is to be wondered at, therefore, that his superiors should be prejudiced against him? He will start at a low wage, and in all probability he will stay there, for the great man often considers his duty done when he has provided the first job. He naturally does not care to advance a man to a responsible position merely because he knows his father or uncle or some mutual friend.

Such a case came to my notice not long ago. A certain famous business man who has acquired a peerage and retired from a regular participation in the business, appointed the son of an old friend to a position in one of his offices.

It did not take long for the manager of the department to discover that his new appoint was—to use his expressive phrase—about as much use as a sick headache." He knew that if he sacked him, there would be trouble with the "boss," so he intimated to the lad that he could not find enough work for him in his department, and suggested his transference to another department.

When this was done, but in a month's time the manager of the second department quietly transferred him to one of his fellow-managers that he considered an excellent man whom he found it more difficult to keep fully employed and who might be more suited to his work.

The result was another change, and since I believe, this young man has been through almost every department in that great house, always starting afresh at the bottom of the ladder and never getting beyond the first rung.

The wise employer takes but little account of testimonials and influential recommendations, and the wise would-be employee wastes but little time in trying to get them.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

CHARING CROSS BANK.

I am glad to see that the gentlemen who are assisting to look after the creditors' interests in this smash are quite alive to the fact that the Atlantic Quebec and Western Railway may prove a

very great asset in the liquidation, and Sir William Bull has cabled to Sir Clifton Robinson asking him to examine the property and report what is best to be done in the interests of the depositors of the Bank.

Personally I have great hopes of this railway in the course of time proving capable of returning all the money that has been spent on it by Mr. Carpenter. If the assets of another great failure—the Liberator—had been carefully husbanded and economically managed, the shareholders would have been repaid their losses in full, and this railway seems to me to have a much more promising future now than the huge buildings of the Liberator had then.

SOUTH AFRICANS.

The Cloverfield Mine has suspended operations, although it is not many months ago that the shares were quoted on the Stock Exchange at over £3. I wonder how many country investors bought at that price and still hold?

There are many prices—especially in the Rhodesian market—that are being "rigged" at present for the purpose of enabling the share-pusher to tempt the investing public with his wares, and I trust the readers of this column will turn a deaf ear to all the promises that are held out, and remember what I have before stated—that the wire-pullers know perfectly well that the chances are at least ten to one against their finding gold in paying quantities on the properties, and their only hope is to find it in the pockets of the British investor.

HOW MEXICANS STAND.

Mexican Railway Stocks keep firm, and the net revenue for the first three months of the half-year shows sufficient increase to enable the Company to pay the same dividends as have been paid for the half-year ending June, even if no increase in traffic takes place for the second three months; consequently, as further and additional increases are fully ex-

pected, I don't think the dividend on the Ordinary Stock can be less than 2 per cent. for this half-year.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. (Bolton).—Farrow's Bank has a large connection amongst small tradesmen, and being therefore on a sound commercial basis and not upon a speculative one, it may be regarded as safe in spite of the high interest it pays.

G. C. R. (Oxford).—Outside brokers may be honest and they may not. Give us the name of the one you are dealing with, and we shall give you our opinion of him.

C. L. (Northampton).—The failure appears to be a perfectly honest one; in all businesses there are risks.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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The Navy at Close Quarters

HOW IT AWAITS THE DAY.

The Navy was in the kitchen.

The landlady at our suburban diggings kept an Alice to set the table for us, make the beds and do all the rough work that the boy who scrubbed the floors, cleaned the boots, and washed the steps, did not do. The landlady sighed over dinner. She was a peaceable little woman who did not believe in "followers."

That was all very well in the early Victorian era, but Alices demand twenty-two pounds a year and the right to have a heart. One is only too willing to grant both to a good girl from the country. And of such was our Alice.

This democratic era of the fifth George found the "follower," a sailor of the King's Navy, in our speckless kitchen.

At dinner it was only natural that our conversation should veer to Dreadnoughts, torpedo-destroyers, submarines, and the limitations of the Government.

Now, young Tompkins knows a lot about the Navy, a lot about politics, and very little indeed about designing houses, which is his work.

"Hang it all," he said, "I've had enough of reading these confounded statistics, these servile scribblers' stuff in the newspapers. Here, my boys, we have a chance to get at the Truth!"

Momentarily we did not grasp his meaning.

"Why," he exclaimed, "we've got the man that counts in the hollow of our hand. The Navy is in our own kitchen! And yet with even the cheese cleared away, you unworthy citizens of the British Empire, you lotus-eating inheritors of the Earth, sit there waiting to crack a few nuts." (This is always Tompkins's style of address, although his name does not sound like it.)

"Sit here to crack a few nuts," he went on, his voice rising higher, "while—"

Raggett, his jovial opponent, broke in.

"While the nut that the Germans have to crack," he observed, "is in the kitchen."

It was the right note. The table rose to it. Our martial spirit was stirred. As we spoke, Tompkins beamed upon us, for our conversation was of deeds of derring do, of the great days of yore, of Francis Drake, of the little guns at Ladysmith hauled over the kopjes and used with effect by the men in Navy blue.

Under this concentrated fire our good landlady retired precipitately, and no sooner was the door shut than we sat Raggett down at the piano to play us something "goey." He hit it in once with:

"We've got a Navy, a fighting Navy

That keeps our foes at bay.

Our old song, 'Britannia rules the waves,'
We still can sing to-day!"

Raggett stopped suddenly and swung round on the piano stool for four revolutions, knees up, an accomplishment in which he was fairly proficient.

"Still can sing to-day" is right!" he exclaimed. "And let's have the right man in to hear it!"

"Hooray! Fetch him out!" came the chorus.

"Grab the butter-backed Amalekite! Haul the briny-eyed beggar out of the kitchen," added Tompkins atmospherically.

I will admit that I protested. The Navy was welcome to all the plum and other tarts it could find in the kitchen, but when it came to the dining-room's whisky, I drew the line.



I was howled down. If you want to learn the true meaning of a commonwealth try being one of eight thirsty dig-men for a month or two. When you get a home of your own you will appreciate what you save on your whisky, irrespective of the Budget.

So someone yelled down the hall in dulcet tones.

"Alice—Alicia!"

The kitchen door opened.

"Ask the Navy to step this way and —"

Alice giggled in a manner that assured us that our long-suffering matron had gone to lament over us to Mrs. Jones next door.

"Don't think he'd like to, sir," said our Alice.

"Tell him we'll make him handsomely drunk," said Tompkins.

And the Navy advanced, rolling nautically along the passage.

"Now we shall hear something," said Tompkins. "You chaps leave me to draw him on."

"Just get out your whisky," he added to me.

Raggett, a man who never loses a chance for effect, went to the piano so that the Navy entered to the Sailor's Hornpipe played with the soft pedal down.

"Very pretty," said the sailor, seeing some comment was expected of him.

"Makes it just like Home to you, I expect," said Raggett.

"No, no, no," said the sailor, down elephantinely. "Reminds me of a bloomin' picture palace at Chatham. They allus play that little thing when they put on the Review films. Very pretty. Perhaps you can mix it with 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' sir? They do at Chatham: Smart chap tinkers on the pianny there."

This I knew was beyond our Raggett.

"What do you mix with your whisky?" he asked hastily. "Water or soda?"

"Oh, nothin' comes amiss to me. Not too much o' that fizzy stuff. 'Ere's lookin' at yer, gentlemen all." (Here also was breathing on the whisky, and the Navy was outside it.)

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For a moment there was a strained half of amazement at the sailor's feat had been a very stiff peg, but a little wait of the eyes was all that testified thereto.

Tompkins cleared his throat.

"Look here," he said with the voice of an inquisitor. "We want to know something."

"Ask on," said the Navy, "I'm indebted to one of you gentlemen for a 'alf potted 'am which my Alice thought belonged to the 'ouse but it 'ad a cross under Private property, I understands."

(I was overjoyed. This was Tompkins's mark.)

"Well," said Tompkins, slyly. "is really the opinion of the Navy of possibility of a War?"

The Navy was evidently mystified.

"War?" he said.

"Yes. War with the Germans," said Tompkins. "I suppose the noble fellows keen—all want to be fighting for the 'try, eh?"

The sailor fiddled with his cap.

"Yes, that's about it," he said.

"That's about it?" said Tompkins nautically. "You surely don't mean to say that the old fighting spirit is dead. I mean to say that they've forgotten."

"Oh, no," said the sailor rather.

"Oh, no! they ain't forgot 'im. 'Course. Why the National Gallery's opposite 'is ain't it—in Trafalgar Square, which is 'arter the battle?"

"Yes—yes," said Tompkins, testily. "you don't catch my meaning. Dreadnoughts, too! Every sailor should war, should be glad to fight for the 'try, should look forward to the Day."

The sailor's face lit up.

"So we do!" said he. "So we do."

"Ah, that's better," said Tompkins. "What's the matter?"

"Well, it's like this 'ere," said the sailor. "You know there ain't been a Naval war for years and years and years—"

"Just so," said Tompkins, "and the fellows—"

"And," the sailor went on, disconcerted him, "the old buffers who are sticking to the young chaps' way are somethin' 'ere. Now, if a battle or two 'ud clear 'em, them Methuselahs o' petty officers 'ud of us young fellers 'ud get a chance of motion at last!"

JOHN BRAMPTON

FOOTBALLERS' CRAMP.

The football match, in which you are taking active part, is over, and as you are only a quarter of a mile or so from the ground, you run back, intending to get a bath—piping hot—a rub down—you will be ready to eat enough for a regiment. The thought pleases you. You spin along at a good pace, when an insidious pain suddenly takes you in the toes of your right foot?

You stop for a moment, and it passes. But even as you resume your steady pace it is again—a sharp insistent, cramp that runs from the toes to the top of the leg.

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When you get an attack of footballer's cramp, you should take a mustard bath as hot as you can bear it; and a dry your feet with the utmost care. The time to take the bath is just before you go to bed.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

RICHARD SELBY'S GENEROSITY



"Come with me," said Richard curtly; and Graill followed him back into the office.

"Now," said Richard,

with hard self-control, "that chap Chance has pinched my invention, and not content with that, he's offered to sell it to me. How's that strike you—eh?"

"Well—my—gad!" said Graill blankly.

"We live and learn, my word we do! If anybody had told me that damned apologetic little swine would have had the pluck, I should have *laughed*! It was that, and only that, which made me keep my hands off him. I simply sat helpless. He pulled himself together as he went on, seeing me take it quietly, and wanted to know whether I thought it was worth a hundred pounds. A hundred pounds!"

"Well, I agreed that perhaps it was, and wanted to know more about it *and* about him. It appears he's a Moulden chap, employed at the railway goods office. He spun me a rigmarole about being interested in engineering, and given in particular to watching the chainmakers at work whenever he's had spare time. He said it had struck him long ago that chain ought to be 'shook' by machinery, and then he went on to detail my own worked-out scheme of achieving it with the most brazen-faced innocence imaginable. He had no plans; it was all in his head."

"I listened. I had become quite polite by then. I asked him why he had called upon me at such a peculiar time as a quarter to two, and he said he had run up after dinner just to ask when I could conveniently interview him. He had to be in by two and didn't leave before six—and so on."

"Now, Jim"—Richard carefully articulated the words—"he was 'cute' enough to get in here for his own purpose—but how did he know those plans were in my drawer? They weren't completed until to-day, and —"

"Oh, lord!" exclaimed Graill suddenly, "I believe I'm to blame."

"You?" Richard lowered his brows.

"What are you driving at, Jim?"

Graill bit his lip, and scowled into the palm of his hand.

"You remember when I went out this morning?" he said. "I finished my business—and then, as it wasn't far off one o'clock, I went straight on to Mark's. I had a drink, and like a fool—because I was so pleased, I suppose—I told him about this idea of yours. He's always glad to hear anything of our doings, and I never knew him to blab."

"Mark wouldn't blab," said Richard briefly.

"Who was in the smoke-room?"

"No one. Biz was uncommonly quiet, and that was why—"

"There's a partition at the top end. Were you there?"

"Yes," said Graill abjectly.

"Ah!" Richard compressed his lips. "Well," he said, with a twitch of his shoulders, "between one and the other I'm having a good time to-day." He laughed, and went on: "It's something, at least, to know how it happened. Chance overheard you, and probably waited till I joined you. Then he'd stroll along here, watch his chance to slip in, and, as likely as not, was nosing around long before the boy discovered him."

"I was a cursed fool!" swore Graill, with heartfelt emphasis.

"You were," agreed Richard, who could be corroding when he liked. "Anything else?"

"Damn!" said Graill.

"That's no good now," said Richard, and turned away.

Graill watched him—and winced.

"I say," he said; "did he pinch the drawings?"

"No."

"Well—surely he didn't have time to take a copy of each of them?"

"There was no necessity to



"Yes, sir. He came about a quarter to two and waited a bit. But at two he said he couldn't stop any longer, and promised he'd call again about six to-night."

"What was his business—did he say?"

"No sir. I asked him, but he said it was private."

"All right."

II.

Mr. Chance proved to be a straw-haired, clean-shaven young man, rather shabbily attired in a cheap blue suit, with nervous bright eyes, and a deferential manner bordering on the servile.

"Could I—er—have a word with you, sir?" he began, fumbling with his hat and glancing askance at Graill.

"Yes; sit down. What is it you want to see me about?"

Richard had decided on a look that his motive was not business.

"It's—er—private."

"You can speak quite fearlessly before Mr. Graill."

"I'd—rather not, if you'll excuse me, sir. Not that I mean to suggest that Mr. Graill—er—" He discontinued that sentence. "What I mean, sir—" he struggled.

"All right," said Richard, with an encouraging smile, and he briefly nodded to Graill.

Graill departed, hearing Richard say as he went—

"You can drop the 'sirs,' Mr. Chance; they're quite unnecessary."

And Graill understood that Richard desired to imbue him with confidence.

Ten minutes later Richard entered the works with a strange expression on his face and rapped out—"Barnet."

A boy hurried up to him, and simultaneously Graill approached.

"You saw Mr. Chance at dinner-time," said Richard. "Where did he wait?"

"In your office, sir."

"What the devil did you let him wait there for?"

The boy changed colour and shifted his feet, but he kept his eyes on Richard's, and thus perhaps escaped summary dismissal.

"No one," said Richard distinctly, "is to enter my office while I'm out. Didn't you know that?"

"Yes, sir. But he walked in, and I could scarcely —"

The boy stopped. He had the intuition to understand that excuses would increase his offence.

"I'm a blockhead, sir," he said savagely, and he ground out an oath of self-hatred as Richard wheeled and spoke to Graill,

It was an exception rather than the rule for Richard Selby, chain manufacturer, of Moulden, Staffordshire, to spend a morning in his office. He was generally about the works, seeing operations, not infrequently taking a hand at one of the forges himself, while Graill, his friend, undertook the management of clerical duties and staff.

This morning, however, after giving out instructions for the day, he returned to his desk, and from eight onwards he sat with squared shoulders and bent head, hardly speaking a word. From his expression of concentrated absorption it was evident to Graill, who shot glances at him now and then, that whatever he was engaged upon was excluding all other considerations from his mind.

At last, towards twelve o'clock, Richard brought down his fist with a thump on the desk and vigorously ejaculated, "Got it!"

"Got what?" asked Graill.

"Nothing. Shut up a minute."

He bent to his work again, sketching rapidly with a pencil, and the minute extended to ten. Then he suddenly swivelled round in his chair and felt for his discarded pipe.

"Ah," he said with satisfaction; "if that won't work I'm a Dutchman!"

"What is it?" asked Graill with interest.

"Something new?"

"An improvement on our present method of brightening-up chain," said Richard, in a frankly triumphant tone. "Jim, I've never been much in love with the plan of shoving the stuff into a tub and banging it to and fro. 'Shook' chain we must have, but it takes a couple of men to do it, and then the process is slow. All purely mechanical work ought rightly to be done by machinery. I deserve kicking for not thinking of this idea long ago. Come here and let me explain it."

He picked up a number of drawings and looked back, and Graill went to his side and looked over.

"I'll spare me technicalities," he said, "for I shouldn't understand 'em."

"All right," said Richard; "though it's beautifully simple. We shall use a wooden frame like this diagram. It will have plenty of latitude to roll about, but will always swing back to the perpendicular."

"Motion will be set up from below by means of a rocking platform, with stumps attached—rubber-topped to deaden the thud. In work, unless I'm mistaken, the tub will wobble and stagger like a hundred drunks. It will be small, and it may be driven by either steam or electricity. We shall use electricity, having a dynamo for the testing machine."

"It's a good thing, Jim; and unlike most inventions there ought to be money in it. Anyhow, we'll try it for ourselves, and if it's a success we'll put it on the market. There's plenty of trades besides the chain trade in which such a contrivance would be useful."

"Think it's new?" asked Graill.

"I do," said Richard; "at least, I've never seen anything like it. But it's never wise to be too sure. I shall get the finished drawings out without delay and send them on to my patent agent. He'll soon find out if there's an infringement. . . . And now I'll thrust the papers into a 'drawer' and transferred his attention to other matters with characteristic abruptness."

Graill left him a short while later, having called to make in the town, and they met again at "The Hare and Hounds" for lunch.

Returning to the works soon after two o'clock, a boy informed Richard that a Mr. Chance had been wishing to see him.

"Has he gone?" asked Richard.

copy them. Anyone with engineering knowledge—and he'd got it, though God only knows where he picked it up—would be able to learn enough by looking at them. They aren't drawn to scale, and the main secret of the whole thing is that rocking platform and the stumps. Well, the mischief's done, and it's useless talking about it."

He sat down solidly in his chair and recommenced work.

Graill again winced, but would not be silent.

"It would be adding insult to injury to say I'm sorry," he admitted. "But tell me how you finished up, and what you are going to do."

"It finished up," said Richard, "by my requesting Mr. Chance to call the day after to-morrow, when I would give him a definite decision. And what I'm going to do is this: I'm going to send the completed plans to the patent agent to-night, with instructions to search *instantly* for any prior invention of a similar kind. He's in London, and by paying a special fee he's allowed to do it. If there isn't one, then a provisional protection will be taken out, and Chance will be circumvented."

He was calmer now, and suddenly his good humour revived.

"Clear off home," he smiled; "and leave me in peace. I'm busy."

III.

Mr. Chance duly put in an appearance a couple of days later, and his manner on this occasion was very much more assured.

He advanced to shake hands with Richard, but his smile faded as Richard, ignoring him, said quietly to Graill,

"Just get to that door, will you?"

"Now, Mr. Chance," he added, "what was it you were about to observe?"

"I—I—What's the matter? What are you looking at me like that for?"

Richard did not move a muscle.

"I've brought," said Mr. Chance haltingly, "some drawings of my idea. They're only rough, but—"

"Let's see them," said Richard.

With trouble on his brow Mr. Chance handed them over.

"Yes, they're rough," said Richard; "perhaps deliberately so. If you'd made them too much like mine I might have tumbled—eh?"

"Tumbled to what?" Mr. Chance was acutely surprised.

"To the fact," said Richard sternly, "that you're a thief, Mr. Chance."

"A thief! . . . Mr. Selby!—"

"Won't do," said Richard cynically. "I've seen too many men suffering from outraged feelings to be much impressed, my friend. You heard what I said. I'll elaborate it. You sneaked into my office the day before yesterday, having played eavesdropper to Mr. Graill here—"

"My God, Mr. Selby," Chance flashed out; "I won't stand this! What on earth—"

"Waste of breath," said Richard.

"Give me those drawings back!"

Richard tore them in half.

"It is already patented," he said; "and I have Mr. Graill, and Mark Gem, landlord of 'The Hare and Hounds,' to prove that before ever I set eyes on you this invention was already sketched out—and sketched out by me. . . . Now you'd better own up. Weren't you in 'The Hare and Hounds' on Tuesday just before one?"

Mr. Chance was very white, but he repudiated it heatedly.

"I was in the office at that time," he declared. "Ring up and ask if you like. There's a score of men there who'll tell you so. And how dare you attack me like this? What have I done to you? I thought you

were square, I thought you were honest and above-board. I come to you with something I've been cherishing for weeks, to ask if there's anything in it, to get you to help me—and you turn on me—you, whom I thought the best and kindest in Moulden, you who

Unexpectedly he broke down, and all once Richard rose and went over to him.

"See here, Chance," he said, "you're either doing this well or there's a cruel mistake somewhere. I've spoken the truth as far as I know it, and I'm not a man who tells lies. Now, previous to your seeing me, had you mentioned this idea of yours to anybody?"

"Yes, several, at one time and another—but only vaguely, and they didn't take much interest. Some time ago, though, I wrote to a patent agent whose name I got out of the directory, and asked him his opinion of it."

"Did he reply?" asked Richard quickly.

"Yes, I've got his letter at home." Mr. Chance looked up, and the next moment a new thing happened.

Richard blushed.

"My lord," he muttered.

"Chance," he said, "this looks like an astonishing coincidence. Don't explain any more. It seems that I've—done you a wrong, old chap. We've both had the same inspiration together. If you'll just take those accusations of mine as unsaid—and shake

Their glances met: then their hands.

"No," said Richard, "the invention is yours—you thought of it first—and, therefore, it rests with you what shall be done. I'll make over the patent to you and let you have the best you can with it, or finance it myself and share profits with you. Which do you choose?"

"The last," said Chance.

"Then—righto," said Richard.

[Another of these stories will appear next week.—EDITOR.]

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BRIEF REPLIES.

Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

W. M. (Birmingham).—Congratulations on your decision; the Army is a fine life for any chap with the right stuff in him. Join a mounted corps by all means. Your local post-office will supply you free with many interesting pamphlets.

F. T. MOODY, 87, Tantallon Road, Balham, S.W., informs us that the Balham and Southern Cycling Club is ready to extend its hospitality to new members. Those interested should write to him.

J. M. (Manchester) complains that League members in his part of the country don't always wear their badges. If they don't, they ought to.

F. M. (Chesterfield) sends a long letter concerning our recent article on "The Fraud of Freemasonry," but he doesn't dispute the facts our contributor gave.

T. W. H. (Coventry).—Unless you are qualified, you must not call yourself a dentist, but a "dental expert," or something of that sort. Many unqualified men are very skilful, though many others are hopelessly incompetent. Thanks for suggestions, which are always heartily welcomed.

C. R. H. (Leicester).—Apply to the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster.

A. S. (Tadmorden).—Your doctor is the man. Don't try to do the job yourself.

J. M. (Bellshill).—Of the two, the Civil Service is the better.

J. E. (Belfast).—The garden of your new house having been hopelessly neglected, you should dig it all up and lay it out afresh. It is impossible to conceive a more interesting task, but there is some hard work in front of you.

A. J. (Rotherham).—We have frequently given exercises for increasing the height. One of the best is to stand with your back against the edge of the door, and to stretch upwards as high as you can. Practise this frequently and carry yourself erect; you should easily be able to get that extra half inch which will admit you to the Metropolitan Police.

R. A. B. (Manor Park).—The diploma to which you refer is certainly useful in some cases, but you must remember that neither this nor any other certificate can be regarded as a certain means of getting you a job. The modern employer generally engages a man for his ability and general shrewdness, and often credentials are not even looked at.

S. S. (Bradford).—You are certainly in a difficult position, being unable to follow out engineering owing to weakness of the heart; but remember that you are very young, and there is still plenty of time to take up something else. Call on all the local motor-car people and see if they can offer you anything.

R. W. HANNAM, Nascot Road, Watford, wants to get into touch with a cross-country running club in his vicinity.

F. W. (Wealdstone).—To be eligible for membership in the Legion of Frontiersmen you must have seen service abroad. For further particulars apply to their headquarters, 6, Adam Street, Strand.

H. KEEN, 163, The Broadway, Cricklewood, N.W., desires to meet a reader with whom he can practise boxing.

R. D. T. (Birmingham).—A rub of chalk will

usually cover a spot on a white tie quite effectively.

G. H. D. (Manchester).—Take the skin to a taxidermist. You'd only spoil it if you tried to cure it yourself.

B. T. (Hornsey).—For a playful, yet strong, dog you cannot beat the fox-terrier. Long-haired animals require far more attention.

R. E. W. (Sutton) suggests that it should be an unwritten law of the railway that people whose clothes smell of tobacco should occupy smoking compartments, whether they happen to be smoking or not. We venture to suggest a special carriage for old ladies, and shall petition the railway company to reserve a seat for R. E. W. therein.

H. D. (Birmingham).—Oxford won all University Boat Races from 1890 to 1898. The dead-heat occurred in 1877.

B. V. (Somerset) suggests that we might use this paper for the diffusion of religious knowledge. We don't mind a little of it if he pays advertisement rates, but we respectfully beg to direct him to the Paternoster Row publishers.

B. R. (Chatham).—When boxing gloves smell of sweat, powder the insides with French chalk. Don't attempt to wash them.

R. S. G. (Wandsworth).—The girl looks very nice, but we regret our inability to tell characters from photographs. Why not chance your luck?

L. R. (Glasgow).—A glass of cold water is the best cure for hiccups; under a sudden shock or surprise, also, hiccuping will generally cease.

M. W. (Kingston).—Milton was once in the ranks of the H.A.C.

J. W. (Lancaster), **J. B. S.** (Dover), **A. G.** (Fernando Po), **H. G.** (Lerwick), **J. M.** (Kroonstad), **R. H. L.** (Walhamstow), **J. S. G.** (Lechworth), **H. L.** (London, S.W.), **H. R.** (Groombridge), **J. H. B.** (Birmingham), **H. T.** (Cheadle), **A. J. E.** (Weymouth), **J. E. N.** (London, N.), **R. H. S.** (Brough).—Very much obliged.

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The use of Phosphorus in all disordered conditions of the nervous system has the unqualified approval of the leading physicians and doctors of the day. Prior to the discovery by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., there were serious difficulties in the way of administering this valuable medication so that it would be readily absorbed, and actually reach the cells of the brain and nerves that alone are in need of it—in other words, actually feed the brain and nerves.

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The average individual, in consequence of the severe and continued strain on the nervous system, uses up the phosphorus that naturally exists in the brain and nerve cells at too great a rate, and it is the loss of this essential element that leaves so many in a run-down condition—weak, nervous, despondent, forgetful, undecided, he dries, anxious, or low-spirited, all of which conditions indicate the need of an extra supply of Phosphorus.

Birley's Phosphorus has been on the market many years, but for a long time was sold only in 4s. 6d. bottles.

Recently, however, the well-known firm of manufacturing chemists, Messrs. GORDON MURRAY AND CO., LTD., of 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., who purchased the secret Formula and the sole rights of manufacturing from Dr. Birley's family directly after his death, have enlarged the 4s. 6d. bottles from 10 to 16 ounces, and introduced smaller sizes—viz., 9d. (2 oz.), to last a week; 1s. 1d. (3 oz.); 2s. 9d. (9 oz.).

Sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores, and by Boot's, Taylor's, Parke's, Lewis and Burrows, Timothy White's, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, &c., or post paid from the manufacturers.

Rev. J. D. WOODHALL, Bolton, says, after making a thorough test of Birley's Phosphorus: "Decidedly efficacious, restores, invigorates, sustains. A most valuable preparation."

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A Word of Importance to Any Ambitious Man.

The Manager of a business to-day has to be a many-sided man. There was a day when any man who stuck to his work could expect in time to attain a post of responsibility. That, however, was when conditions were simpler than they are to-day.

The successful man to-day is the man with the widest knowledge of business, not merely of that one branch that fell within his work when he was a junior, but of all the many branches that he has to deal with now. Have you that knowledge?

Think of the most successful man you know; is not his success due to his varied experience? How, then, can you hope to rival his success, if you are so situated that a similar experience is impossible for you? It is to help just such men as yourself that the "Business Encyclopædia" has been designed. In its preparation many successful men have co-operated, representing every branch of business, and between them dealing with every possible contingency of modern business life. If you were made Manager to-morrow, you would have to solve no problem that you could not find answered in the "Business Encyclopædia." These are

A Few of the Contributors.

John Cansfield (Managing Director of Lipton, Ltd.), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the Daily Mail), S. F. Edge (the well-known motor expert), A. W. Gamage (Managing Director of A. W. Gamage, Ltd.), Joseph Fels (of the Fels Naptha Soap Co.), Richard Burbidge (Managing Director, Harrods, Ltd.), Sir Thomas Dewar, H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's Ltd.), John Lawrie (Managing Director, William Whiteley's, Limited), S. J. Waring (Managing Director, Waring and Gillow, Ltd.), Joseph Lyons (Managing Director of Joseph Lyons and Co., Ltd.), John Hassall, R.I. (the celebrated Poster Artist), &c., &c.

Can you imagine any difficulty that has not faced, and been overcome by, these men in achieving their wonderful successes?

Two Opinions.

Mr. G. W. Read, Fortnam Road, London, N., says:—"I never made a more gratifying purchase. I regard the 'Business Encyclopædia' as a most profitable investment, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, Bristol:—"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is the work par excellence for every business man to possess."

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THE OUTER

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE OFFICE JACKET.

It is surprising how few office-workers go to the trouble of keeping a jacket in the office for wear during working hours.

A light coat—light in weight, not in colour—kept for this purpose is, in the end, most economical, but though it need have no pretensions to smartness or style, it should, at least, be respectably presentable.

Unless you are the most important person in the whole office, you cannot afford to sit in a "holy" jacket, so do not take the coat from an ancient lounge suit, but buy a light jacket specially suited to the particular kind of work it is your duty to perform.



TROUSER PRESSES.

Any man with a good pair of trousers should, if possible, invest in a fairly reliable press. Several new patterns of this most useful article are now on the London market, and prices, too, have fallen considerably.

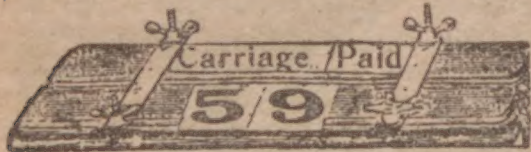
For twelve and six, or even less, a strong and well-finished press may be obtained, sometimes with stretcher attached.

The great fault with most presses is the unfortunate fact that if one of the screws or screw-fastenings happens to break or refuses to "bite," the press is temporarily put out of working order.

There is no reliable substitute for the press. The most popular process is, of course, the placing of the trousers beneath the mattress, but cross-creases are the inevitable result of this ingenious method.

Ironing is a dangerous practice and can only be successfully adopted by an experienced hand. Otherwise, a slight burning will often result, or the surface of the cloth will become shiny.

10/6 Trouser Presser for 5/9



STRONG
AND
RELIABLE

Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome **POLISHED OAK, PLATED FITTINGS.** Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. **7 DAYS' APPROVAL.** Money returned if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List, Free. **CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.**



180 COLLARS 1/-

LIN-GLOSS is a waterproof linen glaze—you simply put it on your collar or cuffs.

LIN-GLOSS does not alter the appearance of the collar in the least.

LIN-GLOSS will give you a clean collar every day for six months for 1/-. A damp sponge is all you need to bring a "Lin-Glossed" collar up like new.

Send P.O. 1/- to-day and one penny stamp postage.

THE LIN-GLOSS CO., Dept. 60, 58, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

AN AMERICAN INVASION.

For some time past there has been much discussion in tailoring circles concerning a threatened inrush of American ready-mades.

As a matter of fact, however, English tailors are to-day exporting large quantities of ready-made suits into the States.

Nevertheless, several Yankee firms mean to "try on" a campaign, and numerous wholesale houses have received circulars relating to ready-made lounges at prices ranging from £2 to £3 15s.

I fear the invaders have little chance of success, for the goods with which they propose to swamp the market are only on a par with the English ready-mades that can now be bought for 35s. or £2.

The American is always ready to criticise your clothes and to tell you how you ought to look. A British

fashion book of several years ago, however, will usually contain something not unlike what he is wearing to-day.

COAT LININGS.

When ordering a new overcoat or, for that matter, morning or frock coat, it is as well to pay some considerable attention to the matter of linings.

Some people prefer to have their clothes lined right down to the extremity of the tail, while others favour the half-lined coat.

The advantages of the lining are obvious and need little comment. Linings are light, but they contribute largely to the warmth of an overcoat—a very important question when the first frost has reached us.

But against linings it must be urged that, after a time, they begin to sag and the coat becomes prematurely old-looking.

Where a man contracts the very usual habit of keeping his hands in his pockets this sagging soon makes its appearance.

In any case, a man ordering a new coat should remember to instruct the tailor carefully in the matter of linings. If he fails to do so, the tailor will probably gratify his own personal wishes, which, often, are in direct opposition to those of his customer.

ON BUTTONS.

I have lately discovered how it is that so many lounge jackets become creased at so early a period in their existence.

On several occasions I have seen men so attired walking along the Strand with the bottom button of their jacket done up and the top one unbuttoned. A moment's thought shows how such a practice is calculated to form creases around the lower buttonhole.

With the top button it is different, but it is always advisable to button both. If the jacket must be buttoned, then it is best not to go in for half-measures.

Under an overcoat, or when suspended from a hanger, the jacket should be buttoned in order to preserve the shape. It should also be kept buttoned for some time throughout the day for the same reason. A coat that is always unbuttoned will never fit its wearer exactly.

While on the subject of buttons, and quite apart from any question of fashion, it is always advisable to keep undone the bottom or last two buttons of the waistcoat when sitting at an office desk. Constant sitting in a fully buttoned vest causes innumerable little creases in the lower part of that garment.



ONE PRICE and the same exceptional value for our customers all over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction, splendid value and perfect-fitting garments, whatever style you choose. We make the cloth, we make the clothes. Suits to measure from 21s. to 55s. CLOTH supplied from 2s. yd. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of the world, post free.

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LET US CLOTHE YOU

Mackintoshes, Underwear, and Footwear. Clothing in Excellent Condition Bought. Good Price Given. **ADDISON, 40, REGENT SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.**

Your clothes will cost you less

if purchased on our system of supplying-by-post. We have had such wide experience of dealing with customers through the post that we can guarantee you perfect fitting in the best styles. Our suits are cut well, fit well, and are made from the finest Yorkshire and other cloths. Or we supply the cloth for your tailor to make up. Write for Patterns and Free Book of Styles, giving full particulars of postage to all parts of the world. **GROVES & LINDLEY, 25, Lion Buildings, Huddersfield**

Why not have your Clothes cut by the man who fitted the King?



There is a Distinction about our DRESS SUITS which even Bond Street cannot surpass.

The undeniable perfection of our cut and style are steadily winning over to our side men who have for years remained faithful to West-End "sartorial artists." They realise two points:—

1. Our cut, style and materials are identical with those of Bond Street.
2. Our prices are much lower.

Our Price for a Dress Suit, Silk faced and Silk lined **84/-**

Patterns and Self-measurement Form forwarded free. We return your money in full, without question or argument, if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS, 201, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Right opposite the Law Courts.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed " & Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Always well-dressed on is. a year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle is. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.
Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, is. 6d., post free.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Mackintosh, nearly new, worn once, 35in. chest; bargain, accept 13s. 6d.—Box 3716, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3650, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Mackintosh, in perfect condition, brand new, no use for same, 38in. chest, accept 16s.—Box 3781, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
For up-to-date tailoring at keen prices for cash see Mc. Kinley's advt., page 13.
The well-dressed man, and the man that wants to look smart, should read Lin-Gloss & Co.'s advertisement, page 24.
Overcoat, dark brown, double-breasted, lined blanket cloth, very warm, for motoring, &c.; maker, Nicols; cost £4 10s.; first P.O. 25s. gets it. Also dress suit, cost £4, sell 20s.; owner 5ft. 6in., 40in. chest.—Box 3831, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Socks! Socks!!!—As an advertisement, and for a short time only, we will send, post free and to any address, three pairs of our Marvel Hose for the small sum of 1s. 4d. The quality and superior finish of these socks is in every respect equal to those sold at 1s. 6d. per pair.—The Marvel Hose Co., 111, Amhurst Road, London, N.E.
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Stylish overcoat to measure, 26s. 6d., valued at 35s.; patterns, &c.; stamp.—Box 3838, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Pike rod, 8ft., wood reel, 50 yards line, spoon bait, screw gaff with handle, strong fish bag, never used; accept 10s. 6d.—Box 3832, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Albert Smith, expert in the manufacture of fishing rods, reels, lines, hooks, and general tackle, is now supplying anglers in all parts of the world direct from his new factory. Catalogues free.—Only address, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.
Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3581, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Skates.—Pair Brampton's adjustable steel rollers, good condition, cost 12s. 6d.; take 6s.—Box 3833, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, miniature billiard table, about 6ft. by 3ft., complete with marker, balls, &c. Good condition essential.—Box 3834, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Billiard table and set of ivory pyramid balls for sale cheap.—Box 3840, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Bagatelle, 8ft. long, 24in. wide, 9 balls, cues, india-rubber cushion, used twice, worth £4 15s. cash. What offers?—Box 3841, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Hockey stick, good condition, price 3s. 6d.—Box 3842, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Golf balls for disposal owing to circumstances:—9 Challengers, 4 patent Colonels, 15s.; 7 Spalding No. 1, 6 Zodiacs, 14s. 6d.; 12 cheap makes, used one or two holes, 8s. 6d.—Box 3843, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

CYCLES, &c.

Pair motor wheels, with tyres and tubes, complete, 700 by 65, 1 Dunlop and 1 Continental, 1 wheel with Canvois tyre, 650 by 65; exchange for gentleman's good cycle.—Box 3846, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Two detachable secondhand non-skid bands, 810 by 100, 15s. each cash; Odometer, 7s. 6d.—Box 3847, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

The great and well-known firm of Lin-Gloss are offering sole buying rights for their well-known patent article "Lin-Gloss." £5 per week easily earned, with very little trouble and no outlay.—Full particulars, write Agency Dept., The Lin-Gloss Co., 58, Cheapside, E.C.
For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wanted, folding hand stand, for plates, with or without lens. Give about 15s.—Box 3852, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

"Standard Physician," 3 vols., cost 63s., accept £2; gent's bicycle, good condition, bargain, 30s.; or exchange for phonograph.—Chandler, 47, Grey Street, North Shields.
Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.
For Books, see Davies and Widdowson's advertisement, page 23.
£5 per week earned by advertisement writers; excellent opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus and full particulars post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.
Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally. Treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.
Books of all kinds. See Foyle's advertisement, page 19.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Loan of £10 wanted by a business man, good interest offered.—Box 3836, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 3766, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
British Homes house-purchase certificate, £300, for sale, £22 10s. paid up; price £10.—Box 3855, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
For sale, insurance policy for £100 on life.—Box 3856, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Provident bond for £300, over £60 paid up, surrender value £22 odd. What cash offers?—Box 3857, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Pearlene.—Whitens, preserves, beautifies the teeth; boxes 5d., sample 1d.—Percival Bott, Upper Mayfield, Staffs.
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Worst headache cured in 20 minutes. Harmless. Guaranteed. Genuine. Only try it. Recipe P.O. 1s. 1d.—Chemicus, 28, Grey Friars Street, Northampton.

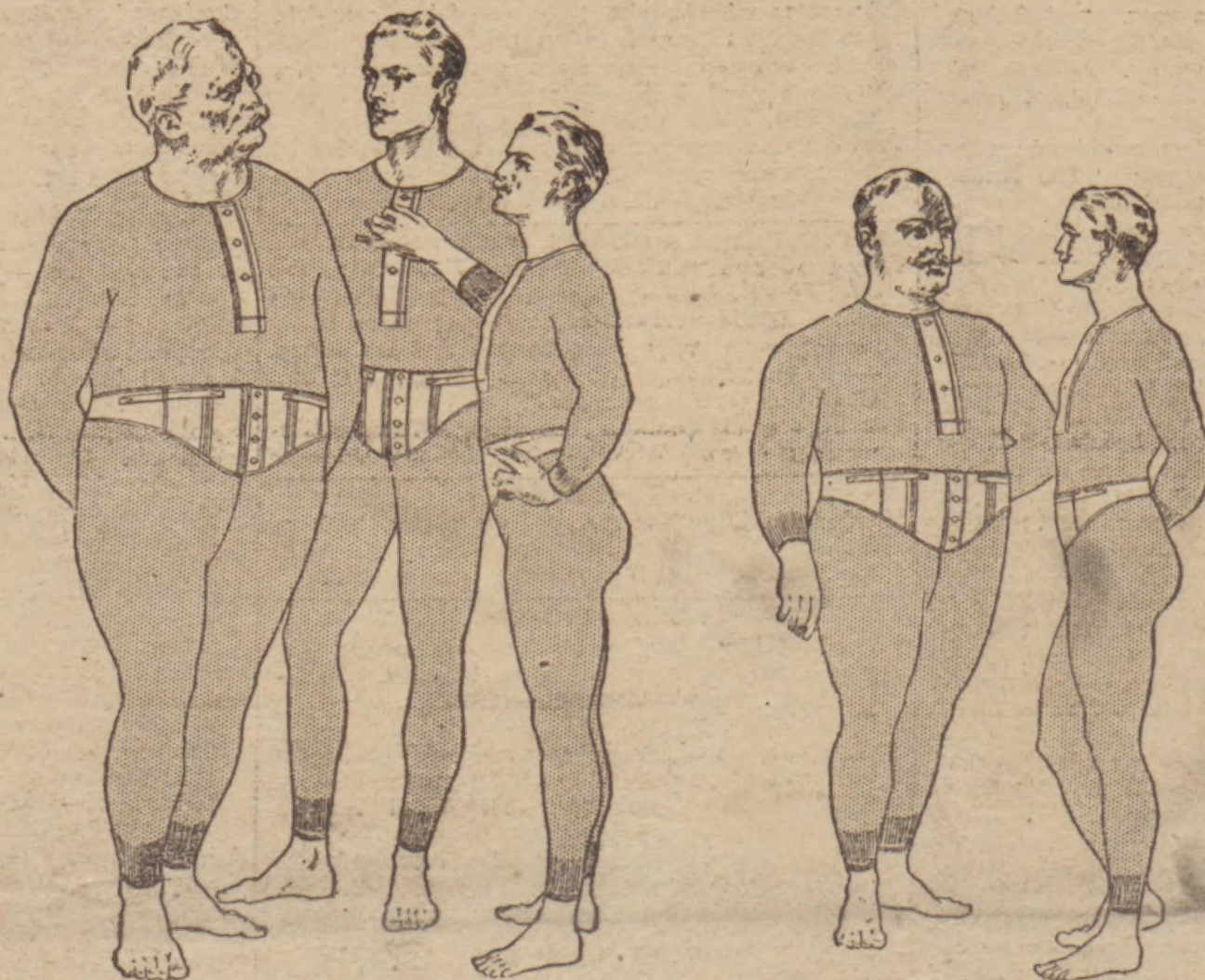
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Pedigree bull-terrier dog, 10 months, by Nottingham—Snowdrift, 50s.—Box 3835, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Conjurors' and illusionists' secrets. List 1d.—Wilson, 323, New Hey Road, Bradford.
SISTERS, lady friends, modern men give presents; handsome British-made needle-cases, needlework boxes, 7d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s., post free.—Smith and Hancox, Mail Order Specialists, Redditch.
2/6 SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/-
With extra blades, complete in case; excellent quality; marvellous value. Send to-day. P.O. 1s. 1d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.
Conjuring.—Twelve novelties, 7d.—Paul Vandy, Magical Pastime Co., 108, Strand, London.
A dozen private greeting cards, with Christmas greeting and your name and address printed in gold, 1s. post free.—Printer, 90A, Broughton Road, Fulham.
For sale, old British coins, token money, Roman coins, commemoration medals, foreign money. List sent.—Gibbons, Methven, Perthshire.
Free! 1,000 gent's double simulation gold alberts to every purchaser of one of our 3s. 6d. gent's simulation gold keyless watches. Guaranteed perfect timekeepers. We will present absolutely free a beautiful double albert.—Send P.O. 3s. 6d., and three penny stamps for postage and packing, to-day to J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.
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10S. 6D.—Gent's heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.
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19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40-inch breast, never worn; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.
19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.
12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.
£1 1S.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent's solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice £1 1s. Approval willingly.
DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Whether you are Tall and Stout—Tall and Slender—Short and Stout—Short and Slender, or of Average proportions



CUTUNA UNDERWEAR

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Will Fit you Comfortably—Perfectly

It provides, in addition to the chest or waist size you require, the correct length of sleeve in vests and leg in pants. It affords a choice from three leg and sleeve lengths to every waist size and chest size respectively. No other underwear in the whole world offers so great a surety of a correct and comfort-giving fitting: no underwear is better value as regards material and workmanship.

The fine materials used in its manufacture are beautifully soft—cosy to the skin—good for appearance and for wear. At the seat, and front of thigh, where hard wear falls, the wool is more closely woven, giving it much greater resisting power and consequently greatly increasing the life of the garment. "Cutuna" Underwear is positively guaranteed against shrinkage: any garment which shrinks being replaced without question or quibble. The following are the Prices (Out-Size Chest and Waist Measures slightly extra):—

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Write for the "Cutuna" Underwear Book, No. 8, and Samples of Materials. When writing kindly mention "The Modern Man."

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